

# Demon Girl ~Tale of a Lax Demon~

# Book 1 - A Demon Sees a Dream

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# Chapter 1: I Became a Cat

I could see a scene within the light.

It's like... the time back when I was a child, submerged under the pool and looking up toward the sky... I saw a scenery that gave me a vague nostalgic feeling.

The scenery flows along and changes.

Like an old film, the blurry scenes continued to be replaced, one by one.

A man holding [My] small hands.... A woman, holding [Me] in her arms.... Boys and girls that were even a little bigger than [Me].

From the window of a bus, I saw large buildings and small stores drifting by.

From inside of a train, I saw a seemingly never ending railroad and townscape.

The scenes continued to change, and [I] had grown bigger and was attending a school with other children wearing the same uniform.

Chatting with friends, exchanging texts late into the night.... Sitting together with siblings on the sofa, watching a borrowed movie. Our parents returning home, and everyone enjoying a meal together.

This scene full of happiness abruptly turned [White].

White walls, white floor, and lying on top of the white bed under the same white colored sheets, what was reflected in [my] eyes was the pure white ceiling....

The shaking hands that were lifted up were as thin as the withered branches of a tree.

The scenes continuously shifted, but that white world remained....and amidst the broken and hoarse sound of someone crying.... [My] world slowly went black.

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Was I... seeing a dream?

Somehow, the dream felt nostalgic...and distant.

I wonder...where is this place? I can't see a thing, it's as if a dim... mist is hanging over me. It feels just like staring into the sun with my eyes closed... oh, maybe I should just open my eyes.

When I thought about lifting my eyelids, the scene of my surroundings jumped into my field of vision.

What I saw wasn't a grass-covered plain, nor the interior of a room, but instead, there was nothing but an emptiness that spread everywhere; cracked earth as far as the eyes could see and a plain dark sky.

Simply put, there was nothing but rough gray earth, not even a weed in sight. An empty world.

“.....”

The atmosphere would have been complete if a cold wind was to blow dead, withered leaves across my vision at the moment. I wonder if that describes what I'm feeling right now.

Leaving that aside... I wonder, how am I seeing all of this...?

I don't remember opening my eyes. When I concentrate, I'm seem to be able to see in all directions at the same time. Of course, that includes seeing myself....

“.....!?”

I unintentionally let out a scream...or I tried, but my voice wouldn't come out.

After all... I have no mouth.... Not to mention a mouth, I don't even have a body.

R-right...I've calmed down a little.

By the way, when I said I had no body, that was just a bit incorrect. As proof of that, even now the form of my body is responding to my fluctuating emotions; scattering and undulating.

Something like a gassy, misty, light brown-ish aggregation...that's me.

Haha... I want to laugh. Although it's nothing to laugh at.

Is this a dream I wonder.....?

It could be that the world of light I'd been seeing until just moments ago was the real world, and this was just a bad dream.

But, reality is cruel, and the sensations I felt through this mist-like body of mine was telling me that this was [Real].

All of a sudden, when I acknowledged this form to be my [Self], I strangely came to accept it without any discomfort and calmed down.

Could this be... that?

Thinking of it using the knowledge gained from that world of light, it could be summed up as the mind affecting the body while at the same time, the state of the body influencing the mind... or something like that.

After all, the ups and downs of emotions don't show such a big change in the [body] of the average human.

I don't have a heart so I don't feel my heart beating, and I don't feel suffocated from the lack of breathing. With this body, I doubt whether I would feel even pain or hunger.

I have nothing to look forward to.... I son't even have eyes, so I can't cry!

F-for the time being... I should, at the very least, hold on to my sense of self. I'm a bit late in thinking this but, I wonder who I am?

My name...can't remember it. Yes, I am nameless. I could simply pick a name from my past memories, but I have a certain feeling that it just wouldn't do.

Incidentally, I also can't remember the names of family or friends. Even worse, I've even forgotten their faces.

Okay...moving on.

I do have memories up to wearing a uniform, so I was probably a student. Considering the amount of my past memories, I was probably a high schooler. Although it's all a dream.

The gender is...a girl right...? I was wearing a skirt uniform in my memories, and personally, it feels much more acceptable.

Good good, my sense of [self] is gradually coming together... oh? The color of my body somewhat deepened? In addition, I feel like the density of my mist has become thicker.

For the time being I don't feel like anything has gone wrong, so I'll continue to recall the memories in the dream to further secure my sense of self.

Doing this and that took quite a while...or so I felt.

I mean, the sun hasn't ever risen, and as expected, I didn't get hungry, so there was no way for me to measure the time.

It's good that my sense of self has become firmer due to recalling various things, but a new problem appeared: I have nothing to do.

To be honest, feeling anxious, irritated, or going mad from loneliness... such things seem likely to happen, but with my current body there are no signs of it happening yet.

When I recall the last moments from the memories of the dream, I wonder if I've died and fallen into hell....

Although speaking comparatively, it's a hell completely without the agony.

Of course, there is also the theory that this is all a dream. And of course, the source of that wishful theory is me.

“.....?”

I noticed something. More specifically, something triggered my senses, it was like a combination of sight, smell and sound.

That “something” leaped with a *pyon* kind of feeling.

I surrendered myself to the sudden itchy tempting sensation that arose. I reflexively launched myself forward to extend the mist surrounding my body and slapped down on that something with a *pechin*(smack) sound.

“.....”

O-ohh... I’m quite surprised at how I reacted like a cat that’s discovered an insect, if I may say so myself.

Leaving that aside... what was that.... I did catch a glimpse of it just before hitting it, and it did certainly look like an [Insect], but I don’t know what it is. Somehow, when I struck that [Insect], it disappeared into mist.

Upon disappearing...there was the scent of something like sweet honey.

For some reason, that scent gave me a faint satisfaction, even though the current me had no sense of taste nor hunger.

It was a somewhat nostalgic scent and flavor.... It was like the time I was a child in that dream world, sipping honey from a small flower... it had that kind of nostalgic feeling.

*Uzu... Uzu... Uzu....* My gaseous body trembled as if excited by something, and driven by that sensation, I began wandering about my surroundings.

But really...how am I moving around?

From the previous feeling of striking down that insect, I’ve understood that I do have a certain degree of physical strength, but without needing to crawl, my body instead moves by floating towards the direction I want to go.

To a certain extent, I can bring out the same burst of speed as the first time I moved. However, although I could move by slowly skimming across the surface of the ground, I couldn’t manage to fly... what a pity.

And while moving about....ah, found it. The second Buggy-kun discovered.  
I'm just a bit lonely, so I wonder if I could keep it as a pet...? But.....

*Pechin*

“.....”

When I got near to it, my body once again flew forward and smacked it... just like a cat. My lack of self-control is rather shameful if I do say so myself.

There's something irresistible about that sugary honey scent.

In the first place, it was in the wrong for provoking my cat-like instincts, hopping up and down like that in front of me.

I suddenly realized something. The first insect had a flowery honey-like scent, but the second one had... to describe it, it smelled a bit fruity.

*Uzu... Uzu... Uzu....* I should keep on searching for a little longer....

From then on, my hobby and daily routine came to consist of searching for these Buggy-kuns.

I-it's not like I want a snack or anything, alright?

“.....!”

*Pechin, pechin*

“.....!!”

*Pechin, pechin pechin, pechin*

Mmmm, delicious. Of course, when compared with the sweets I know from the dream world, this is in every way a very modest taste, but it serves as a good compliment to the cat-like hunting work involved.

I think that it's that when you gather your own food, it's much tastier, probably.

I've noticed something else, too. The larger insects are better tasting.



Let me tell you, I don't have a hobby of directly eating insects. Recently, rather than smacking them, just touching them is enough to make them disappear, and since they leave no dead remains, it doesn't leave an unpleasant residue afterwards.

I've noticed this while on the move, but there were some things that were about the size of a mouse. When compared with the other insects, it was much more cautious, and unless it approached me first, it was unexpectedly quick in escaping.

This time for sure I'll make it my pet~~... but even though I tried putting some spirit into it, it vanished the moment I touched it.

Appearance-wise, it was mostly identical to those black fur-balls that appear in a certain movie I saw in the dream world, being chased around by a pair of sisters that lived by the countryside in a remotely located house.

I really wanted one... a pet.

Still, the flavor was good. I'd say that it tasted similar to cherry or wild strawberry.

As I passed away the days in that manner, a change appeared in my body.

Eating too many snacks made me fat... is not what happened. Instead, it appeared that my body started as light brown colored was turning into a deeper shade resembling chocolate, but just recently, it turned curry-like.

...I wonder why I'm using food as the standard for comparison.

I'd prefer to think that the color has become a hair-like brown.

I wish it had turned into a milk tea color to look cuter, but life just doesn't go the way you want it to.

When the color changed, at the same time the density of my gaseous body further increased, becoming all syrupy.

Oh, am I evolving into a slime? ...Or so I thought, but I was wrong. My body

didn't become sticky, but became like iron-sand.

But...have I evolved with this? It's harder to move now that my body is heavier.

Ahh~~... I let a Mouse-chan run away again.

Is it possible that I really did get fatter...? Hey, hey, did I really get fatter.....?

While in the midst of being torn between the desire to diet and the seduction of snacks, for the first time, I came across another existence other than me.

“.....!?”

For some reason, my body twitched in shock.

I hadn't become aware of it until it had gotten close. The moment I did, though, I felt that my iron-sand body would break and collapse from the overwhelming, enormous sense of fear that washed over me.

It was a huge, black panther.

If I was the size of an average cat, that black panther was even larger than a horse.

And... it was beautiful.

It didn't give off the impression of being short and stout, which was common among wild cats, but instead appeared to be supple and slim.

It had fur that gave off a deep... dark, beautiful luster.

You would think that brilliant and black wouldn't go together, but I couldn't describe it any other way.

It had a whip-like pair of tails, split into two parts, that were even longer than its body.

Silver claws and silver fangs. In his silver eyes, for the first time in this world I saw that it also carried [Purpose].

“.....”

I was scared. For the first time in this world, I felt fear... a real danger to my life.

But...even more than that, I was mesmerized. I couldn't take my eyes off of this black panther.

Uzu... Uzu....

I-I want to pet it.

It would definitely feel all silky and good. There might even be a fluffy part somewhere.

” [.....?]”

After a while, its indications of wanting to eat me faded away, and the black panther appeared to be curious as it tilted its head to the side.

” [.....Why aren't you afraid?]”

“!?”

That was a [Voice]. What I heard out loud was the faint growl of a beast. However, its growl resounded inside of me and turned into words.

“...! ...!? ...!”

I was surprised by the first intelligent voice I got to hear in this world. An unexpectedly handsome voice....

The black panther's tone was deep and masculine, a lovely voice that seemed to belong to an old man...scratch that, a lovely voice belonging to a man in the first half of his thirties, on the brink of becoming an old man.

It is very much my type of voice. Before I noticed, I was shaking in excitement and made a sound...but it didn't become words.

The black panther was surprisingly making a similar flustered expression at my panicking self.

“[Can you...understand words?]”

In response to its question, I tried to nod my head... but no matter what I tried I couldn't nod, so I hopped up and down where I stood.

“[.....Ho~o, so you're able to comprehend my words.]”

It approached me as it spoke, when I instinctively tried moving back, it swiftly used its forefoot to pin me down.

“[.....As I thought, you don't disappear. You must have a significant amount of purpose and intelligence.]”

“.....”

.....Eh? By any chance, is it that if you don't have any purpose or intelligence, you'll be eaten just by being touched?

Aside from that, although I do have a purpose, my intelligence.... When I was in school, I scored magnificently average in my subjects.

I was trembling like pudding while having such thoughts when the black panther said:

“[Don't be so afraid... No, are you angry? You're quite an interesting one].”

It showed signs of laughing.

No no, I'm not angry, but how can I say, I just don't know....

My confused thoughts might have gotten across, because the black panther then released me from its forefoot and brought its face close enough to peer at me.

“[Relax. I won't have any more thoughts of eating you... leaving that aside, why are you staying in that kind of body?]”

“...?”

Why, you ask.... It's not like I look like this because I want to~.

For a while, I attempted to communicate through iron-sand fluid body language, when the black panther began showing signs of being annoyed.

To put it simply, it seems that individuals with a body like mine usually transform their body for easier movement.

It seems that, normally, it's something known by [Instinct], and unless you alter your body like that, when you run into strong individuals, you'll be eaten without being able to fight or even run.

Thank god.... I'm glad that the first strong individual with intelligence I met was this black panther....

For that reason, I'm being taught how to transform my body from the black panther.

"[.....Are you messing with me?]"

".....!? ...!"

I got all teary eyed from the black panther's sudden shout. Although I have no tears.

What kind of figure I would transform into. Of course I decided to take the form of a [Human]. I'm used to it, after all.

Turns out, after transforming, apparently, your body shows growth to a certain extent, but further changing your form becomes difficult, which was a reason I wanted to take a human shape...

"[Trying to take on such a form right from the beginning is something only a fool would do.]"

A human form right from the start is weak. It's a given that if a human and beast were to be pitted against each other, in most cases the beast would win.

That's why at the start, it's better to choose a beast form. Or perhaps, something with a gorilla-like image. Although the black panther doesn't have them, horns and jagged scales are apparently the norm.

“.....?”

It's certainly much prettier and cooler to be like the black panther without scales and the like....

Perhaps because he could tell my thoughts, the black panther broadly grinned.

“[Only the weak put up appearances. For me, these claws and fangs are enough.]”

Ohhh~~~~, how cool!

Anyhow, although normally impossible, the only individuals capable of changing once more from the initial transformed state into a [Human] are the ones with exceedingly great strength, moreover, doing so is the equivalent of naming oneself to be the boss of that area... apparently.

But... if that's the case, I wonder why the black panther doesn't turn into one itself? Although he appears to be considerably strong, I suppose there's always someone above you. ...Probably.

Now that that's all out of the way, what should I do. I feel like it should be possible to go for a half-beast kind of look, but the closer the shape is to a human, the more my fighting strength would decline. In the first place, seeing as how I'm already only the size of the average cat, I may turn out becoming the size of an infant.

“.....”

I guess it should be a type of beast after all.... Taking my size into account, as expected, should I be a [Cat]? Somehow, being a matching pair with the black panther might be good.

“[Have you decided? If so, then get on with it. What's important is what you want. Project the image of how you want to fight.]”

“.....!”

Right after he said that, I jumped up in acknowledgement, and began to focus on my image.

What I'm imagining is a pretty, slender, and well proportioned cat. Fluffy long fur is good too, but personally I prefer fur that's shorter in length. That way, there's less worry of shedding.

Oops, image, image.... I want both beauty and cuteness. I like dogs as well, but if I had to say, I'm a cat person.

Although I like playing with doggies, their aura of playing all day every day gets tiring.

Oops, I've gone and digressed again. Image, image.... Nimbly dashing past and swiftly attacking with fangs and claws is cool right.

High agility... running as if soaring... mm? To fly... a bird is good too huh. A falcon might be lovely as well. If I remember correctly, the fastest ones are called peregrine falcons, right? But they're not that nimble, huh. I feel like I'm on to something. Agile and capable of evading enemy attacks....

No no no no, it's gotta be a cat, a cat! How did it turn into a bird!? Cat cat cat cat, I am a cat cat, a cute kitten....

"[.....]"

"[.....What's the meaning of this?]"

I had turned into a cat.

I had become a pretty and lovable cat with short fur, exactly as I imagined. I feel like praising myself.

"[.....How should I explain.....]"

My voice, after finally becoming capable of speech, sounded strange.

My current form was, without a doubt, a cat. I had turned into a [Kitten] that looked like a snugly fur-ball.

A tiny pair of bat wings, sprouting from my back, were awfully pretty~.

Perhaps as a result of transforming, my once curry colored body had turned into a pretty golden color, my rotund eyes were a bright, ruby red, while my

small claws and fangs, that had yet to grow out, were like translucent bright red jewels.

Using the sense I've had up till now, I was able to get a good look at myself.

Frankly speaking, I'm criminally cute. If it was the [Me] from the dream world, I would probably have picked me up with no hesitation to hug me all day long.

"[.....Umm]"

"[.....So how do you intend to fight like this.....?]"

This is bad. The black panther sounds angry....  
How did it turn out this way? No no, I know the cause of this. It's all because I'm an idiot.

Even an idiot like me can understand. This body isn't fit for fighting.

"[.....Eh, tehe]"

"[.....]"

The black panther's gaze was cold as I involuntarily put on a forced smile.

It can't be helped that it's run out of patience with me, but if possible I would like to remain friends with this rare conversational partner... not to mention that it had a voice that was particularly my type.

Other than that, I also want to pet it. It's a different matter with my own fur.

I tried, with tottering steps, to approach the black panther on my short legs... only to flop over on the way.

Suddenly remembering I had them, I flapped my bat wings, causing me to lightly rise into the air...then I fell to the ground flat on my face.

""[[.....]]""

The two people... no, two cats that fell into silence... Hmm, were you supposed to count large animals by the head count?



And while I sunk myself into such thoughts to escape from reality, the black panther let out a small sigh...what a skill, even though it doesn't breathe... anyhow, after sighing it came closer to chomp down on me with its fangs.

“[Hiiyaa!]”

I, I'll be eaten!

“[...Settle down.]”

After I quieted down after being told so, the black panther held me in its mouth like a parent cat and began to walk.

“[.....Erm]”

“[.....I told you before that I have no intention of eating you. To begin with, I wanted to have a conversation for the first time in a while. It's bothersome, but I'll keep you until I get tired of talking.]”

“[.....Okay.]”

And so, although I had wanted a pet out of loneliness, it was in this way that I became the pet of the black panther.

## Chapter 2: I Became a Demon

The black panther and I began our cohabitation.

Saying that, since my identity is that of a girl, and the black panther speaks in that wonderful masculine voice, doesn't this mean we're like a couple living together? Or so I hoped, but I'm his pet.

Thinking about that makes my heart beat a little faster.

"[..... What are you thinking about?]"

"[No, nothing really.]"

This panther has surprisingly good intuition.

"[Ah, right right, there's something I wanted to ask you about.]"

"[..... What is it?]"

The black panther unexpectedly replied without reluctance, albeit in a suspicious tone.

Although the area we were in was the black panther's territory, he didn't have a home in it. Since we didn't require neither sleep or meals, we had no need for a location that guaranteed safety.

Nevertheless, although I did wish for a safe place, due to my body being that of a kitten. However, the stronger demons that would normally attack me wouldn't draw near, fearing the black panther.

"[This place we're at...where is it?]"

In response to my vague question, the black panther slightly narrowed his eyes... but still replied after several seconds.

"[By this place... you mean, rather than within my territory, where we are within this world?]"

“[Right right, that’s it.]”

He’s so smart~..... I’m alone in my idiocy huh.

“[Even with enough intelligence to allow you to converse, you don’t know...? Didn’t you learn words after being summoned?]”

“[Su-summoned? No, I was born just recently.....]”

“[What?.....]”

While still nervous from the black panther’s surprised growl, I decided to explain. Of course, what I explained was the dream world, but since he mentioned the word [Summoned], I felt that it was better not to speak of the part where I was a human.

“[Memories of a dream.....how strange.]”

“[I know right~.]”

A huge black panther and a golden kitten, seriously nodding at one another... Pretty surreal.

Surprisingly, the black panther easily accepted my explanation. Well, he is highly intelligent, but more than that it must be that the strong didn’t fuss over such small things.

“[So, about this world.....]”

“[Ah, yes..... this world has many different names. The truth of the matter is that you can’t truly understand unless you’ve existed since the beginning of this world.]”

T-that kind of technical answer isn’t what I wanted to hear....

“[But the humans use a mere few words to portray this kind of world. They call it the [Spiritual Plane].]”

“[.....Spiritual plane...?]”

The black panther explained in simplified terms so that I could understand.

The [Material Plane] was where the beings with life existed, such as humans, animals and the like.

In this world, the [Spiritual Plane], those that were the exceptions... the beings that possessed no flesh or bones, existed.

“[Take a look above.]”

“[Above, you say...]”

When I did as the black panther said and looked up at the sky, what I saw wasn't the sun and the blue sky that I knew from my memories, but the usual hazy, dark emptiness.

“[Try to look far up there, [Something] is there.]”

“[.....Ok]”

Upon being told that something exists up in the sky, I tried searching for it... in a place that was considerably high up, I saw shiny clouds that were spread out.

“[Do you see it?]”

“[.....What's that?]”

“[The spiritual plane doesn't consist of a single layer, but is divided into several. That is one of them... the border into the fairy realm.]”

I was surprised, hearing that, but it made sense.

Ever since learning about summoning, I had already grasped a feeling for this world.... This is that, isn't it. The domain of myths and fantasies. I vaguely remember reading such books among the ones that my siblings brought to me in my hospital room.

The black panther hadn't personally gone there before, but apparently, even further above, there was also the afterlife realm.

“[Then, is there a celestial realm?]”

“[..... I’ve never heard of it.]”

I wonder, is it that it doesn’t exist, or that he just hasn’t heard of it? Or, rather than that.....

“[.....Hey...]”

“[Yes?]”

“[This place.....or rather, what do humans call us...?]”

I questioned the black panther, ignoring the bad premonition I felt.

“[Let’s see..... if you mean how our existences are called as a whole then... the humans call us [Demons].]”

“[.....]”

A-as I thought.... I was hoping that, at the very least, we would be some type of dark spirits, but the truth was a dimension apart huh~.....

\*

For a demon, the black panther unexpectedly had quite the calm personality. ....Or so I thought, but he really was a demon after all.

On one occasion, we were roaming far and wide in search of snacks.

“[Don’t fall off.]”

“[.....Okay.]”

Today, I wasn’t being held in the black panther’s mouth, but was riding on top of his head like a blond wig.

Even if I were to fall off, I mustn’t cling on with my claws. If I did such a thing, I would get munched on.

“[There it is.]”

“[.....Eh.]”

In the next moment, the black panther was racing across the ground at an unthinkable fast speed towards a tiny gray colored monkey and in a flash, snapped it up into his jaws.

In the place of flesh and blood, the bittersweet scent of apple wafted in the air.

“[Is it tasty ? ]”

“[.....It-it’s delicious.]”

Certainly it was delicious but...I thought I recognized something of a will from the mini monkey when the fear-filled eyes of the monkey met my gaze, right before the moment it was bitten to death.

Even after that, the black panther continued to slaughter. Truly, it was delicious.

But you know~..... this place we’re in is something like the demon realm, and, seeing as we’re one of those demons that exist here, doesn’t this count as cannibalism?

“[Hey, Black Panther-san.]”

“[.....Black Panther...? What’s with that.]”

He glared at me.

“[We demons have no names. Demons naming each other will end up causing us to deny our own existence.]”

The inhabitants of the spiritual plane had no names.

According to the black panther, it’s because if you were to be given a name that caused you to doubt yourself, your existence would weaken.

However, if you are granted a name from the material plane, it will further

strengthen your existence, apparently.

“[... S-so you have no name?]”

“[I do have a species name. Like how you would call humans or wolves. The other beings call me a [Dark Beast].]”

Dark Beast.... Like what he said, I felt like it was more of a name that defined a type name rather than a species. But, isn't it inconvenient since there's no way of differentiating between other Dark Beasts? He said that there was no problems, though, since he was the only existing Dark Beast.

Incidentally, the mini monkey he had killed was just an ordinary [Demon]... broadly speaking anyway.

“[Well then Dark Beast-san, what about me?]”

“[Don't use the “-san” with my name. Also, it's troublesome so you might as well speak casually.]”

“[G-got it. ....so, what about me?]”

“[A species name huh? .....Well, it's been a long time since I've seen something like you...]”

It seems that beings like the dark beast and I are rare. When I transformed, he was expecting me to turn out as a monkey [Demon Type]. How cruel.

According to him, the other intelligent beings calling him dark beast was something that had naturally happened over the long passage of time.

“[For you, seeing as how you're similar to my species, let's go with “[Golden Beast].]”

“[.....Th-thank you.]”

Golden beast huh~.....That's pretty half-assed, oi. I couldn't say it out loud,

though, after seeing how confident he looked saying it.

\*

I've become used to the lifestyle of a demon.

When facing up against a kitten like me, as expected, even the mini monkeys that were usually so full of fright displayed hostility, although they were surprisingly easy to defeat. I've even gotten used to the terrified expressions they show before their moment of death. I'm sure that demons don't have the heart to mind such things.

The reason they're aggressive towards me must be because my kitten form has no dignity. Yup, it can't be helped.

I got to talk about various things with the dark beast as well.

It's been on my mind since the first mini monkey we saw, but regardless of whether the beings we run into have more or less purpose and intelligence, the dark beast would always just mercilessly kill them all.

Somehow I ended up asking him about it, and he replied that he disliked them because the large majority of those beings were either [Stupid], [Fearful] or [Haughty], so they didn't make for good conversations.

That was why it had been such a long time for him to find someone like me who could converse normally, counting up till the present, it seems he had known of only five beings that he had enjoyable talks with.

“[Is it fun talking with me...?]”

“[It is. Your talk of the dream world is interesting.]”

I also find talking with him to be fun. He has a lovely voice after all.

Once in a while there are times when we don't talk as well.

Probably because we're both beasts of the cat family, our enjoyment of playing and frolicking about closely resembles each other.



“[Funya]”

He was *mofumofuing* around the top of my belly with the tip of his nose.

It tickles.

I thought that if he went as far as licking then I would claw him good, but I won't lash out if it's just to the degree of nudging with his nose, rolling me over like a ball of fur and sniffing me.

After all, he let's me mofumofu as well.

His fur is naturally silky, but the area around his chest was especially plushy. I have the privilege of plunging myself in there to the point of being buried and enjoying a full body mofumofu.

It smells good in there as well.

I sense a slight... sweet scent, and a sense of intoxication like you get from sipping alcohol.

I wonder, does my stomach give off a similar feel?

It was in that manner that we passed away a considerable amount of time.

It might have been just a few days, or perhaps even several years. There was nothing to measure the time with. To begin with, the very concept of time in the spiritual plane was vague.

But, to a certain extent, I felt the passage of time through my body.

My body had grown from the size of a kitten to the size of a slender adult cat, and although I was still the size of a regular cat, I could run at the same speed as the huge dark beast.

Although I could only just barely bring out the same speed when using my bat wings.

My strength had increased by quite a fair amount as well. ....A passerby

monkey-san that was bigger than I was took a look at me, only to become stiff in the face before slowly backing away with inching steps.

Ahh.....please don't make that face. It makes me feel all excited, I want to chase you down.

When I gambol around with the dark beast, though, I'm always the one to get blown away and end up surrendering my belly for him to mofumofu.

Muu.....next time for sure I won't lose.

“[Hey, what's that?]”

I was being *mofumofu*'d by him since I lost in our previous contest, until I lost patience and bit his nose, so he was now letting me mofumofu him as an apology for being obnoxious.

It was when I was mofumofuing on his chest when I noticed something.

“[What is it, you say... it's a summon circle. Didn't I teach you?]”

He replied while also looking at the summon circle.

He was in a good mood until just moments ago, but he abruptly fell into ill humour. Is it that bothersome to repeat something you've explained before? I wonder.

“[Not that~. Why is that tiny demon that was nearby suddenly being pulled away?]”

Summoning circles. I've heard about them from the dark beast.

In short, it's a gate that's made through the use of summoning magic from the material plane, and if a demon from this side of the realms steps onto it, they would be summoned to the other side...or so it goes.

By the way, I've never entered one before so I don't know. The first time I heard of it, I was happy in thinking that I could go to that world of light, but I couldn't enter.

Just pushing through the tip of my foot was the farthest I could go in, and

when I tried scratching around, I heard something like a shriek after which the summoning magic circle immediately disappeared.

Apparently, in the past...when the dark beast was much smaller than he was now, he had been over to the other side several times, but it was impossible for him now.

Magic.....it's something I would have liked to see huh~.

“[Your question... it's because those of weak will are forcefully summoned away like that. When that happens, you don't even get to make contract and get forced to work for nothing.]”

Upon responding to a summoning from the material plane, the demon forms a contract with the summoner. Through the contract, the demon will receive souls, sacrificial offerings and whatnot, but from what I heard it seems like summoners are usually quite miserly.

Even though if they gave a good sacrifice, it would allow a demon to manifest without restrictions and better display its power.

By the way, we can't speak properly on the other side... in the case that a weak willed demon that don't know words is summoned over, it would only end up with an incomplete contract and wouldn't even be able to fulfill the job properly.

“[So you get dragged away if you have a weak will...? I should be careful too.]”

I don't mean to be self deprecating, but I have a weak will. I mean, I can't even win against the temptation of snacks.

“[If it's you...well, you should be fine.]”

“[.....Why?]”

“[You're a little...careless.]”

“[Muu...]”

Certainly, I know that I'm a bit mentally slow, but you don't have to put it that way do you?

Slightly miffed, I smacked his face with my paws which caused him to laugh amusedly.

So my cat punch doesn't hurt huh...muu.

When I put on a dissatisfied face, he suddenly stopped laughing and pushed me down as he stood up and bore his fangs into me.

"[Wha!? O-ouch ouch.]"

It was the first time being bitten this hard by him. The sensation of his fangs sinking into my back made me shudder from fear, just like the first time I had met him.

The body of a demon felt almost no pain. Yet this pain told me of the stormy state of mind he was in.

"[There's no need for you to go over to that side. ....Stay in this place.]"

He spoke in a rough and...scary voice, like the first time we had met.

"[.....Yup.]"

All I could do was to give a small nod in fright.

\*

He really is a demon after all.

No matter how much I'm favored as a pet, I'll simply be eaten after affection runs dry.

Before I knew it I had been thinking of us as equals, I was sad after remembering that I was no more than a pet to him.

I want to mofumofu but I'll restrain myself~. ....Kusun.

Ever since the previous incident, he has become increasingly persistent in mofumofuing me. If I let it be, then he will continue for god knows how long, so I lightly smacked him with my paws, to which he responded by lightly biting and

even licking, which I disliked.

Muu, doing whatever he likes.

One day, he had went off somewhere.

Seeing as how we've been together ever since we met, it sure is a rare occurrence. I was pushing and rolling over a small demon into the summoning circle in front of me, when the dark beast returned out of nowhere.

"[...Ah, where did you g-.....what's that?]"

"[It's.....your pet.]"

My.....pet? Why did you bring such a thing? Is it so I can use it to vent out my mofumofu urges?

Several small demons that still had indeterminate forms were placed in front of me.

Four in total. Each and every one of them only had a slightly changed coloring, as well as some amount of purpose and intelligence. They all seemed afraid of both me and the dark beast.

They're kind of...cute. And also seem tasty...sniff sniff.

Reacting to my faint thoughts, the demons began to tremble. I spoke in a gentle voice.

"[It-it's okay~. I won't eat you or anything~. Nothing to be scared of~.]"

I'm not convincing at all, if I may say so myself.

Alright, in that case I should go with that tactic. I placed all of the demons onto my back using my mouth, and, spreading my bat wings widely, I leapt into the dark sky.

At this point, the matter about the summoning circles and my yearning for the world on the other side didn't matter one bit in my mind.

The dark beast was making a face with mixed feelings as he watched me

dance in the sky, full of enthusiasm for the first time in a while.

*Pechipechi pechipechi pechipechi pechipechi pechipechi pechipechi pechipechi  
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The demons on my back were hopping up and down with joy as they indulged in the fruity scent that was the result of my rampage: smashing up monkey demons.

So cute.

They appeared to be no longer frightened of me, which was a relief. I slightly lowered my pace, and while gliding above the surface of the ground, I one-sidedly talked to the demons.

I spoke in a way similar to the people I had seen in my dream. The day-care worker, the teacher at school, and my own elder sister.

I wonder if it's safe to speak like this to the demons? I thought all of a sudden. What would I do if this made them deny their existence, causing them to disappear?

.....Oh well. I'm a demon too after all.

I gave up thinking too deeply into it. I mean, given the opportunity, wouldn't it be fun if they became intelligent enough to converse with? ...Right?

After a while, maybe as a result of my education, the little demons have become smarter.....or so I feel.

They've become a little bigger, and even took the initiative to find their own snacks. They might be at that age that they're ready to transform.

"[How about giving them a species name...?]"

“[A species name...? Why?]”

When not looking after the demons, most of the my time was spent being mofumofu'd by the dark beast.

Thanks to that I was always busy.

“[If you create a clear enough image, they may gain be able to gain a similar form, rather than that of a monkey.]”

“[I see... in that case, why didn't you do the sa-...ow ow ow.]”

When I let out a light complaint, he abruptly bit down on me. I told him it hurt, after which he started licking me. ....Looks like I haven't taught him enough manners yet. Argh...do as you like.

“[.....Hmph.]”

“[Muu...which species would be good?]”

“[Don't you possess those strange memories? Why not start thinking from there?]”

“[...Muu.]”

I sulkily turn my face away after hearing his slightly dismissive tone. It's like we're both children.

But let's try thinking about it seriously. It wasn't a bad suggestion.

What would be good.... Since it's come to this, how about picking something religious? No no, they're all things to do with gods and my imagination doesn't go that far.

Then how about the monsters that appear in myths?

Not an ordinary monster, but something along the lines of a demonic or ghostly type. Perhaps even a divine beast would do.

I was muttering by myself in the middle of thinking when the four demons began jumping up and down. Perhaps they thought I was anxious.

Their dispositions slightly differed from one another. It was just a hunch, but I

felt like they each had their own genders.

“[.....Let’s see~. This one and this one, their colors somewhat resemble each other so I could make them be siblings....]”

And so while murmuring such things, I continued to customize the four demons in my mind, down to the last details.

.....But I wonder if this is okay? By all rights, these little ones should have had their own ideals, an image of what they want to become. ....But they were simply happy and accepting of the species name and setting I had in mind for them.

Feeling somewhat uneasy, I asked the dark beast about their reactions, to which he responded that it wasn’t anything strange.

Demons that were at the pre-transformation stage, unless summoned into the material plane, would find it difficult to attain an image, which was why in most cases they would end up with monkey-like forms, incapable of even creating a distinction between genders.

“[.....Why is it always monkeys?]”

“[The image of demons that the greater part of humans hold in their minds, somehow managed to influence the spiritual plane.]”

But why, though, why is it always monkeys....

Fire spirits and earth spirits becoming lizards and wolves, water spirits and wind spirits, turn into maidens, wasn’t all of this a result of the so called human idea of romance?

..... So in other words, demons=ugly=monkey... this must be their train of thought. Dangerous, dangerous.

Seeing as how everyday I call the four demons “cute, so cute”, I’m sure that they’ll grow up to be cute.



“[.....What’s the meaning of this...?]”

“[.....How should I explain...]”

What a deja-vu. The only difference this time was that instead of sounding angry, the dark beast was simply utterly amazed.

“””””[[[Masther!]]]”””””

Albeit with a slight lisp, the four demons gave off proper greetings. Super cute.

But the problem was that...they’re too cute huh~.

Two of them had perfectly round bodies like steamed buns. They were gazing towards me with sparkles in their purple colored and round eyes. The only demonic part about them was the pair of black sheep horns on their heads.

Depending on perspective, you could even see those horns as twin tails. Adorable.

One of them was a monkey-san...however, its pure white hair looked buoyantly fluffy, giving it a very lovable appearance. Its face closely resembled a pierrot, or so I had thought, but upon taking a closer look I saw that it was its actual face.

The last one was a snake. But instead of scales, it had extremely soft skin. I specifically chose this one to have matching colors with me; a light golden body and red eyes.

I’m sorry.... I’ve completely made them into my pets.

I’ve...known for a while now.

The dark beast...he must have brought back the little ones for me so that I wouldn’t go to the other plane. Chaining and collaring me in the form of [Lingering Attachment].

Even now, my heart grew calmer when I looked at the four demons chasing after insect demons.

But...did you know? Demons by nature shouldn't have these kind of emotions.

As my mind became tranquil, I think of the world of light from that dream.

The memories of that world that I had recalled in order to create an image for the four little ones, had awakened a strong yearning for that world.

I want to go back. ....I was feeling something close to homesickness.

But still, I couldn't go there. Because I didn't know if the same world from my dream existed or not.

... Even so, if it was the very same world of light....

*Bachin!*

I heard the loud sound of something bursting open.

The dark beast and four demons became wary, unsure of what happened.

But I knew. No...I understood the instant it happened. My emotions had called on that summoning magic circle, so deeply imprinted in my memory.

Originally, opening a summoning gate should have been impossible to do from this side of the realms. It wasn't a question of ability, but a law of this world which made it impossible.

It could only appear as a natural phenomenon. Otherwise, even if it did appear by coincidence, it would have been a gate opened from the material plane. There should have been no way to open one from the spiritual plane.

One of the primary factors for this exceptional occurrence was that I had the "[Memories of a Human]. The other was that... when I had unconsciously invoked the summoning circle, at the same time there was a call from the material plane.

A huge summoning circle, larger than I'd ever seen had appeared. The size of it completely enveloped my body.

“[Oi!]”

Noticing the summoning circle, the dark beast rushed towards me... but regardless of his powerful strength, he was rejected by the summoning circle and blasted away, going flying.

It was only natural that would happen.... It was because this summoning circle was for me... for the sake of going to the other side, it was born for me alone.

The summoning magic circle was overflowing with the nostalgic light from my dream. Basking in that light, my body disappeared into that summoning circle.

I felt that my consciousness was... freezing. As I turned my eyes towards the demon realm I grew up in for the last time, I saw the dark beast gazing intensely towards me with anguish in his face.

“[Golden beeeeeeeeeeeeast!!!!]”

His cry resounded deeply. ....I’m sorry. I ended up making you mad.

\* \* \*

When I came to my senses...I was surrounded by light.

Where could this be? The world of light...was I able to reach the material plane?

My eyes...I couldn’t see very well. I couldn’t hear well either. Even my body wouldn’t move as I wanted it to.

Was the summoning a failure...? If that was the case.... I felt paralyzed by the fear for the first time in a while. ....At that moment,

My body received a shock, as if slapped awake by something.

I sucked in a breath in my frightened state. ....Eh!? I’m...breathing?

I heard the crying sound of a small animal. For a while, I didn’t notice that those cries originated from my own mouth.

Other sounds could be heard. ....Someone was speaking.

The moment I realized that these sounds were [Words], the words that were incomprehensible in the beginning, unraveled into understandable words that resounded in my ears.

“[.....My beloved child. My.....Yurushia...]”

I felt my mind quake, as if struck by lightning. Born in the demon realm without a name. After coming into the material plane, I was granted my first name. I understood at that moment, that my existence had been firmly established.

I, a demon...was born as a [Human] baby.

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## Chapter 3: I Became a Human

This is bad.... Lately, that's been all I had been saying to myself.

Not out loud of course. I couldn't make any words in the first place. I gave a go at using my voice, however,

"...Uh~, ah~"

That was how I sounded. It was nothing to be confused about though. Right now I am a [Human] baby that still hasn't even grown any teeth, and can't even coordinate my tongue and mouth properly.

"My! How adorable. Yuru-sama, what ever is the matter?"

Upon hearing me making a sound, a woman wearing a maid uniform came over and cooed over me with a remarkably tender expression.

Well, babies were cute after all.... But you know, even if you ask a baby such questions, there's no way it could answer.

Still, [Yuru-sama]....I was aware that the nickname [Yuru] came from my name Yurushia, but as a demon, I can't help but feel more of a connection to my established [Name].

Well, that's fine. It isn't great, but I'll endure.

But the nickname Yuru reminded me of something. It made me think of a [Mascot] that gave off a loose impression.

Now then.... Two months have passed since the time I was born, and I've noticed some things.

It appears that I, Yurushia, was born to a rather splendid household.

The ceiling of my room that I saw every day was adorned with ornaments, and the several maids in waiting were all beauties.

Being addressed as [Yuru-sama] by one of those beautiful ladies made it clear

that I was an ojou-sama.

.....Hm? I'm a girl, right? Becoming a little anxious, I rubbed my legs together. I didn't feel anything like that "thing", which was a relief.

At first there was the question of whether I could properly act like a baby... but my mind was influenced by my infant body. When I wasn't focused, I would cry involuntarily or spontaneously cause leakages.

There was also the issue of language. It most likely wasn't english. How exactly was I able to understand this language I hadn't heard of before? It might be a demonic ability.

Thinking back carefully, The dark beast's words had sounded like the growling of a regular animal at first, too.

However, I wanted to learn it if possible.

Being able to understand speech, but not read and write was a pain.

There was also the matter of food. My current staple food was breast milk.

It wasn't very tasty..... Although Mother and two other people who seemed to be wet nurses let me drink their milk, I didn't have much of an appetite.

However, if I drank too little then Mother would worry, so I forced myself to drink. ....It's tough.

Now then, this is the biggest question:

What am I? A human? Or am I a demon...?

The number of humans that I got to see in person amounted to five. Mother, the wet nurse Trufi, and lastly, the three maids who took care of me, Vio, Fer

and Min. ....Mm? I felt like I'd heard of those three names before....

It was likely that I mixed up their real names and nicknames, but in my present condition there was no way of confirming it.

There probably other people such as the chef, but I've yet to see someone among the people of this home that seemed capable of using summoning magic.

In the first place, did magic exist in this world? Well as a matter of fact it did.

Whenever Vio-san turned the light on in the room, she would use what appeared to be magic.

It wasn't something surprising, seeing as how I came here by summoning magic, but I felt a bit down when I realized that this wasn't the world from my dream.

They treated me as they would normally treat a baby even though I was a demon, so it was unlikely that these people were the ones who summoned me.

That being the case, it could only have been a natural phenomenon. Or perhaps the accidental result of a failed summoning from elsewhere.

But that wasn't much to be concerned about. The problem was that I had [Incarnated] into the material plane.

Yes. .... I all of a sudden thought about [Who] it was that was sacrificed for my manifestation.

I broke out in a cold sweat.

The most likely answer to that question, was that this body of mine... was manifested through the sacrifice of a baby.

The purity of a newborn's soul and body. Judging from the prosperity of this household, it would most likely be of the lineage of a [Noble]. It was more than

enough qualities for a demonic sacrifice.

This is bad, very bad....

It was appalling to think that I might have taken away and replaced the child of such a loving mother.

What should I do....

But, while I was drowning in my worries, my dilemma solved itself of its own accord.

One day, when Mother and Trufi-san saw that I was doing my best in drinking breast milk, they breathed a sigh of relief before entering into a keen conversation.

“....Yuru-sama is doing so well...it’s such a relief, Ria-sama....”

“Yes..... When this child was stillborn...I was in despair, but to think she would suddenly come back to life.... I must thank Vio for that.”

“Vio repeatedly used healing magic for hours on end..... She was on the verge of giving up, still..... The other children were also delighted.”

In other words, the baby had died at the time of birth. At that point Vio-san, who was capable of magic, continually used healing magic on the dead baby.

The fact that she had repeatedly used magic in that manner must mean that the baby didn’t revive. It would have been a different story if she was a user of resurrection magic, but it would have been strange for such a person to be a maid.

Therefore, going by the current situation, it was most likely that the baby’s body alone was used as the sacrifice for my manifestation.

It might have been slightly lacking as a sacrifice, but I suppose as a demon I only amounted to that much.

There was also the factor of me forcefully opening the summoning gate as



well.

That I was a demon that sacrificed a baby to manifest... wasn't something I was entirely sure about.

For a demon, my [Power] was much too meager.

Of course, I did possess the ability to decipher languages and didn't hunger easily, but apart from that I was truly just a [Human] baby. I couldn't even crawl yet.

For the time being, I suppose I'll just wait out the situation while gathering information....

\* \* \*

Although I wanted to gather information, I had mostly made no progress.

The reason for that being that I was never taken outside of the house.

A year had passed, and the clumsy me had finally become capable of walking on all fours. I couldn't hope to go outside on my own, but I hadn't expected not even being taken along for shopping.

Was that how it normally was in this world?

Nevertheless, there was something that I had come to understand to a certain degree.

My place of residence was said to be a mansion, but it was a smaller place compared to the other mansions I could see outside the windows. Our place must be the villa of a noble, or the house of a wealthy merchant. That was why, even now I'm not sure of my social status.

Mother's name was Riastea. Ria was her nickname.

I have yet to meet Father. From what I've put together from the conversations I've heard, he had apparently come to visit me only once, around the time when I was just born and wasn't able to see well yet. I'm sure he was

busy with work.

In our residence, there was a chef, and a slightly younger man who worked as both gardener and guard. I still don't know their names.

I should probably mention this also. It was something I had suspected since the first time I saw magic being used for illuminating rooms, but there was no electricity. I guessed the cultural level here was around the Middle Ages of Europe.

The meals weren't tasty...

It was quite problematic.

I knew the reason for it though. It wasn't the fault of the cook, but instead my sense of taste.

I did find a way around it, but it wasn't a solution to the cooking. Whenever I would receive milk from Mother, I would cling to her chest, and from her I could smell a fragrance that just a little sweet. Of course, Mother's smell was a good smell, but it was different from that.

It was the same light intoxication I felt from when mofumofuing [Him]. I could feel that same intoxication from Mother and Trufi-san, and by taking in that sweetness at the same time as drinking milk, it became tasty.

What exactly was that smell, I wonder...? I should find out eventually.

One day, a few days before I was to turn into a 1 year old, I was made to wear pretty clothing for babies.

It wasn't a kimono or anything, and the clothes I usually wore were also good looking, but I presumed that it was clothing for going outside.

That's right. Today, I would be going outside of home for the first time.

Th-this is bad.

It's seriously bad.

My mood that was full of cheer at the thought of going out with Mother deflated like a balloon.

Inside of the carriage that was heading out, was me and Mother, Fer-san and Min-san.

Well, to summarize the information I gathered while being pampered by the women for several tens of minutes, an unthinkable fact came to light.

I was in a strongly religious country called the [Holy Kingdom].

Almost all the priests of this country were capable of using the so-called [Purify] magic that was holy magic.

In this country there was a custom, where infants would receive [Blessings] at a church through the use of holy water, but of course it wasn't something enforced by the law. It even costed money after all.

For some reason, though, this time, there was an official notice dictating that while the government would cover the costs, all children born within this year must receive the blessings...

From all over the country...including those from the outskirts of towns, villages and the slums, even the children of immigrants and traveling entertainers would be thoroughly investigated. In other words, it was now something compulsory.

This was bad wasn't it. This was what you'd call bad, right? Holy water and blessings, wouldn't a weak demon perish from those things?

I'm a baby you know. Terribly frail, okay?

Upon seeing me trembling in fear, the three women assumed that it was the fault of the carriage and that it was my first time outside, so they comforted me in various ways, even telling me that horses weren't scary, but I didn't feel any better. It would have been stranger if I did.

Why of all times, did they have to do such a thing now.....

.....We've arrived at the church.

The building didn't appear so different from the ones in my dream. If I had to point out something though, it was that the cross symbol at the top part of the church looked more like a plus sign.

Min-san told me that the goddess-sama of good harvest is worshiped here, but I'm a baby that can't understand you know? If I could, that would be strange you know?

Inside of the church, there were several women that were all embracing infants like me.

Standing in front of a statue of the goddess was an old man wearing blue clothes, it seemed that he would be the one carrying out the blessings.

I was scared. But there was no escape.

My turn came, and Mother walked before the old man while holding me in her arms.

"Archbishop-sama. It has been a long time since we last met."

Mother bowed to the old man. So this person... was an archbishop-sama.

"Well if it isn't Riastea-sama. It has been a long time indeed. My apologies for troubling you to come in person."

It seemed like they were acquainted from how the old man kindly laughed and greeted Mother.

"So...this child must be...."

"Yes. She is my child...Yurushia."

My cheeks slightly stiffened in response to the strong gaze the old man gave me, as if he was checking something.

".....Well then, let us begin."

Around ten minutes had passed... and in the end, nothing happened.

At the moment when holy water was poured over my head, I couldn't help but feel like crying, but it didn't burn nor did I turn into a beast. To my relief, I received the holy magic [Blessing] without any problems.

When it was finished, the old man gently patted my head, which made me smile extremely happily.

Though, seeing as how I was fine with holy magic that was supposed to repel demons, I had to reconsider the first hypothesis I had made about myself.

Although I was under the impression that I was a demon that successfully manifested, but it might be that I wasn't a [Human-like Demon], but instead, a [Demon-like Human].

As for this, whether I had been reborn as a human or not... was hard to say, but I thought that the situation was exceedingly close to it.

It was an accident I say, an accident. An act of god.

And so, after we left the church, we went shopping before heading back home.

During the shopping, the three women would take turns in carrying me in their arms, but when I took a closer look around my surroundings, I saw that the wealthy looking people would use something that looked like a baby stroller for their children.

I wonder why we didn't have one? Even though a one-year-old must be fairly heavy.

\* \* \*

The Holy Kingdom Taterudo

It was one of the major powers of this world with a total population of several million if you were to include the five outer town areas outside of the capital Tariasu.

In one of those outer towns, in an area to the west of the territory that was governed by duke Koeru, named Touru.

Most of the nobles that lived within the territory of Touru were retainers to duke Koeru, who all dedicated the same amount of loyalty to him as they did to His Majesty the King.

Within that area, 60% of the citizens were religious. For Archbishop Molt, the chief officer in charge of Touru's territory, as well as the state church of the deity of good harvest, the goddess Kostoru, every morning was a busy one.

He had not changed his lifestyle even though he had already passed the age of 60. He rose together with the morning sun, and offered a prayer to the goddess. Afterwards he would head to his personal farmland in the back of the church, and only once he finished looking after the land would he take breakfast.

Giving instructions to his followers while drinking tea after his meal, he finally finishing the first part of his day. Molt solemnly stood up from his chair as he rubbed his shoulders with a tired face that he wouldn't display in front of the church devotees.

This year was an extremely busy one. All due to the influence of that one event.

A large-scale demon summoning incident had happened within the outskirts of Touru territory, caused by a demon worshiping organization.

Including the twelve summoners involved, the names of several nobles were found to be among the dozens of that organization's members, and while nearly all of them were wiped out or arrested, there were also dozens of casualties from the knight order as well as regular soldiers.

What was found to be drawn in a garden that was in the possession of a

certain noble was a gigantic summoning circle that could cleanly fit onto the grounds of a small mansion.

Aiming for the moment when the summoning would already be taking place so as to capture all of the culprits, an armed force including the reinforcements from the imperial capital, comprising of forty five knights, two hundred soldiers, and thirty holy magic wielding Kostoru priests, commenced an assault against that organization, only to encounter demons that were lying in ambush.

Demons. Those that were on the opposite side of the material plane, in one of the realms of the spiritual world. The inhabitants of the demon realm.

With figures covered all over in dark grimy fur, they walked on two legs as they trampled on the soldiers with speed and strength that exceeded that of beasts.

Possessing strange, large bodies, their gray eyes contained hatred towards all living things, and their yellow fanged mouths were twisted as if finding delight in the humans' fear.

There were ten of these lesser demons. Not only that, there were also three greater demons that were even larger than the lesser demons, who wielded spears and axes formed out of the combination of black horns and bones.

There was a distinct difference between lesser and greater demons, outside of their physique and weapons.

That difference lied in their intelligence, and magic.

Every action taken by spirits and demons, the inhabitants of the spiritual world, was accompanied by magical power. In the case of a lesser demon, a simple punch from the demon would crush the internal organs of a human, and a normal weapon wouldn't be able to wound the demon's magic infused body.

Greater demons, however, were capable of shooting out fireballs or ice arrows like rain with but a single scream, without even needing to chant the magic spell.

There were many factors that attributed victory to the kingdom's soldiers. One was due to the many anti-demon magic weapons that they carried.

Another was that they had a great number of anti-demon specialist priests among their ranks.

Finally, it was because the person they had invited from the magical academy, to act as an adviser in summoning magic, so that they were able to use powerful spirit magic.

[Spirits] and [Demons], beings that were inhabitants of the same spiritual world, were considered to be of equal rank.

However, while lesser demons had limited intelligence, spirits still possessed high intelligence even if they were of a lower class.

Although physically strong, the demons could only manage temporary manifestations due to incomplete sacrificial offerings, and, unable to resist against the magic, they were destroyed by the summoned spirits.

But that wasn't the end of it.

The demons had been summoned beforehand to act as guards, sacrificial pawns buying time so that their [Hearts Desire] could be summoned from the gigantic summoning circle.

Spirits that were summoned into the material world manifest in the form of one of the four elements in the material world: fire, wind, water or earth. Hence, their powers were stable, and are usually stronger than unstable demons. However, if a demon that possessed an even higher intelligence than a greater demon appeared... If that being was to gain a vessel and manifest, it would become an existence on the same level as a spirit king.

The lesser demons had all been destroyed. The soldiers and knights who were covered all over in wounds were bringing down the final greater demon that



was guarding the demon worshipers.

But the moment the heart of the last remaining summoner was pierced through by a knight's sword, from behind of the collapsing summoner's corpse, [Something] had appeared in the gigantic summoning magic circle.

It was... a small golden cat, overflowing with beauty.

Charming...is what they had thought. So lovely...everyone on the scene was captivated by that beauty, so sublime.

Was it truly a demon.....? Was it not instead a divine messenger that was mistakenly summoned from heaven?

However, that expectation was betrayed by a few spoken words.

"[.....Golden...beast.....]"

When the last remaining greater demon uttered those words as it vanished, they knew that the golden beast was one of those existences among demons...a superior demon.

If this beast was to run amock, what would become of our country? All of them were holding that thought in their chest and not making a single move, when the summoning circle that had lost its summoner in the middle of the summoning, lost its light.

At the same time the summoning was cancelled, the demon called the golden beast turned into a golden light and disappeared into the sky.

Disappeared into the sky. That was the problem.

A demon that had its summoning interrupted would disappear into the summoning circle and return to the demon realm. That being the case, where could this demon have disappeared to?

Together, the Holy Kingdom and the church began a search for the demon called [Golden Beast].

There was also the possibility that it had returned to the demon realm. Another likelihood was that its existence was erased. However, if that demon was a superior individual, and if it somehow gained a vessel, then the possibility of it becoming a terrible threat was highly probable.

They searched spiritual locations... in other words environments with high magical power, to no avail. As a last resort, the church decided to gather every child that was born within a year since the occurrence of that incident. If this endeavor were to fail and the demon was not uncovered, then the demon would be assumed to have perished.

During these several months, Molt had blessed over a hundred infants.

Of course, there were more infants than that in the territory of Touru, but the ones that he granted blessings to were the children that were proved, through a government investigation of utmost secrecy, to possess [Magical Power], as well as the possibility of becoming the vessel of a demon.

If it was just creating holy water through holy magic, then other priests would have been fine. However, there weren't many that could use the holy magic blessing, and those that could were in other lands performing their own screening operations, so that was why Molt had no choice but to bless the children himself.

And those that he was responsible for blessing were the children with the highest possibility of being the demon.

It was only natural that Molt was exhausted, but he couldn't afford to lose focus, blessing one child after another.

"Is today the last...?"

When Molt muttered those words, the middle-aged priest walking by his side affirmatively replied.

“Yes. Although there are still a large number of children remaining, today is the last of the children with high magical power that requires Molt-sama’s assistance.”

“Okay”

Even though it was just a confirmation, Molt was satisfied by the expected response.

As a clergyman and as the archbishop, it wasn’t something he would be praised for, but nonetheless, he thought it would be alright, for tonight, at least, to drink some alcohol along with the produce from his vegetable garden as appetizers.

With that goal in mind, he was performing the blessings in high spirits when the final person appeared.

The mother was the daughter of a viscount he was acquainted with. The woman was someone he had known from the time she was a child, and though he was unmarried, he thought of her as his own blood-related daughter.

The lovely young lady from back then had become an adult, and was now even more beautiful.

He was apologetic towards the viscount in thinking this, but as far as he was concerned, her daughter was his grandchild too.

Yurushia. The child was lovely like an angel, so dazzling that Molt squinted his eyes.

(.....What’s this?)

The child appeared to be frightened by something.

Certainly, most children that came into contact with an adult they were

meeting for the first time and having water poured over their heads would feel frightened.

But in those cases, most of the time the children would cry and shout, but until now, none of them had been as scared as this girl.

For a moment, he stared at her with suspicion. But when he saw Yurushia about to cry the moment he poured the holy water over her head and afterwards being comforted by a panicking Riastea, he dismissed his previous suspicion as overthinking it.

He put his all into blessing Yurushia, and when finally he gave the puzzled looking girl a gentle pat on the head while grinning widely, Yurushia showed Molt a most brilliant and angelic smile.

Molt thought to himself.

‘If a child capable of such a smile was a demon, this world would be overflowing with demons, and would have been destroyed long ago.’

Molt firmly believed that today, the shadow of the demon hanging over the territory of Tuul was now gone.

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## Chapter 4: I Became a 2 Year Old

“.....This is, not good.”

There was no one around..... I was largely conscious of the small sound of a sweet voice that could be heard from one of the relatively smaller rooms within the mansion.

In that room, there was a faint odor of paint remaining. And along with a big, brand-new canopy bed, there was a tiny little dresser that could be used for children playing house.

At first glance, there was no one in here, but that was wrong.

Although glass, in this world, was a precious material, this room was furnished with a full-length mirror so large as to make you wonder at its price.

And standing small and quiet in front of it was a little golden child.

That's right. It was me.

I was now 2 years old, and I was dumbfounded upon getting a proper look at my own appearance for the first time.

My Mother was a very beautiful person.

Her silky blonde hair was soft to the touch, and whenever Mother would carry me in her arms, I would bury my face in her hair.

On my first birthday, I met Father for the first time. I wondered if he was busy with work. He seemed to be sorry about not being able to come home too often.

Father was also a great looking person. I'd say he was in his mid twenties or so? He exuded an attractive aura, with his considerably handsome looks and reddish blonde hair.

Being the daughter of these two people made me look forward to how I would look like in the future.

Although a prince-sama would be hoping for too much, but at the least I would have good enough looks to have an heir to a reasonably good household fall for me. And while having such lower middle-class thoughts, I felt relieved from the bottom of my heart, that my future would be without hardships.

And so back then, when I was still a baby, seeing myself reflected in the dresser mirror while being carried by Mother, I had thought to myself that there wouldn't be a problem since I was a baby this cute.

.....Or, so I had thought.

“.....This, can't be happening.”

No no, it wasn't as if my appearance was bad or anything. In a way, it was as I had anticipated.

But it was a future expectation years away. It would have been fine if I had started to blossom at around age 10, and until then remained as a wee little sweet child....

When I tilted my head, my gold colored hair that was without any curls, smoothly moved as if flowing.

Wasn't this.....exactly the color of my former body...the color of my fur...?This wasn't blonde hair at all. It was more like gold threads.

My skin was like a normal white person's, but I couldn't see the pores of the skin. What was up with this....

As for my looks, I inherited all the good parts from my parents. My small cherry blossom lips and golden long eyelashes were very pretty and lovely to see.

If that was all it was then, overlooking the fact that my looks were rather showy, I would have felt glad for being born well...and that would have been the end of it, but the problem began here.

On my body...there were no flaws.

Veins, skeletal frame, muscles. Without exception, some form of [Flaw] in the appearance would accompany the growth of all living things in the world as a result of lifestyle habits, fatigue and sleep conditions, *etc.*

That alone would still have been acceptable. Being appreciated and complimented with the saying [You're Just Like a Doll], would simply have had a more literal meaning to it.

But I wasn't a doll. To be frank, I didn't like this kind of doll.

My gaze was too strong.

The color of my eyes was a pinkish light gold that resembled both Father and Mother.

My eyes that should have been of a gentle hue, pointlessly emanated a strange intensity, or should I say, an odd light. As proof, it was bad to the extent that when I fixedly stared at a maid-san that should have been familiar with me, she would flinch.

This wasn't right. A scary two year old like this didn't exist.

What happened to my body during the past year? Was it the hair after all? Was it the fault of this demon's hair? Shaving my head bald or something may have been a solution, but that would have been putting the cart before the horse. Because I wanted to make a living in this world as a human girl.

I thought that maybe the humans of this world wouldn't notice anything wrong with my appearance.

But I knew. Having [Knowledge] from the world of my dream, I could understand.

And that made me shudder.

“.....This isn't the appearance of a human being.”

Within the first room of my own that was given to me after turning two years old...I couldn't do anything but blankly mutter those words to myself.

\*

From that day onward, my goal became [To Live Like a Human Would].

Coming from a normal person, it would have meant to become a proper and praiseworthy human being...or so I supposed, but the goal I spoke of was in the literal sense.

Since my outward appearance was out of place among human beings, to deceive the other humans, I would behave in a way so that at the very least, I would be considered a normal human being on the inside. It's the rational lifestyle of a feeble demon lost amidst humans.

Thinking back carefully, I seem to remember that Father appeared to be shocked when he saw me being dressed up on my 2nd birthday. So he was scared back then....

I felt bad for Father, but there was no other way than to have him get used to it. I would try snuggling up to him like a cat the next time we meet. It's my area of expertise after all.

Now then, it was the month after I turned 2. On the first day of the month, it was decided that the three of us, Father, Vio and I, would be having an outing.

And once again, at the end of spending long moments being treated like a dress-up doll, I was made to don an extremely stylish attire.



It was a gothic dress made out of a deep blue satin fabric with excessive amounts of lace.

.....This wasn't children's clothing. It was like it was designed for adults to wear. A dress meant for adults that was tailored to doll-size.

Just saying, wasn't this more expensive than an adult's dress? I won't be able to wear it by next year you know?

Good grief...while I may be 2 years old, our household's sense of economy was a cause for worry.

"Yuru, what's wrong? Do you feel unwell?"

Mother inquired in a concerned voice as I was brooding inside of the carriage we were in.

"Y-yeah"

I ended up causing Mother to worry. But that made me happy.

When I smiled with those feelings in mind, I was tightly hugged close by Mother.

I'll put the matters of economy on hold for now.

Leaving that aside, I was very much looking forward to today's outing.

"Mother, are we there yet~?"

"Just a little further, Yuru. Once we get there, will you properly behave?"

"I will~."

It may have seemed like I was conversing rather normally for a 2 year old, but in actuality, if I tuned down the language correction ability of a demon, I would sound like this.

"Moooothew, arew there yeet?"

“I weel~.”

A two year old’s lisping was adorable. And sly.

At any rate, Mother. Even though you told me to behave well, if I was to try moving on my own, someone would immediately snap me up into their embrace, so I wouldn’t even be able to run about you know?

Even now I was being held by Mother after all.

I could understand how they would become overprotective, seeing as how I came back to life after being stillborn, but this was too much. If it was a normal child, she would end up becoming unable to normally walk you know?

Even at home, the most I did was to transport food into my mouth with a spoon. Furthermore, since my sense of taste was weird, if I were to be negligent with my food intake, they would snatch away my spoon to feed me.

And as for the purpose of today’s outing, it was because a [Children’s Magical Power Examination] was being held at the magic academy branch of this town, for children 2 years old and above who wished to undertake magic education.

Magical examination...magic. That’s right. Today’s purpose was to examine my aptitude for magic.

Fantasy is all about the magic, right♪?

It wasn’t everyday that you’d be born as a demon, but the sole acquaintance I had back then was a muscle-brain by nature, not to mention violent, who ate up all the demons that likely had intelligence, so I had all but given up on any opportunities to learn magic.

Upon arriving at the magic academy, this time it was Vio-san who held me in her arms when we got off the carriage.

“Vio-san, I can walk you know?”

By the way, the words I spoke just now really sounded like this,

“Biosa, I, can wal...k?”

Well that doesn't matter, but the Vio-san who could perfectly understand this kind of baby talk sweetly smiled at me.

“No, Yuru-ojousama. I must beg your pardon, for it is too dangerous outside. Also, please feel free to call the likes of me without honorifics.”

You're amazing Vio-san. As expected of the eldest of the three maid girls. She was only 19 years old, tall, black-haired and a beauty too.

Passing through the main entrance, we saw a wide courtyard.

I thought that a day like today would have been a holiday, but there were a fair number of students that were in their teens. Girls and boys talking intimately to one another as they walked side-by-side. Must be nice~....

If possible, I would like to enter this academy, and not just for the magic.

Apparently, Father, Mother and Vio were all students of this magic academy.

From what I heard from the nostalgic talk between Mother and Vio, it seemed that there were two kinds of schools in this country.

The first kind was the school for children without magical power.

There you could receive a normal general education, so to speak, on subjects such as literature, arithmetic, history, morals and etiquette, and if you wished so, you could also learn fencing after school.

That was the entirety of a 6 year education starting from the age of 7. Even though 20 year olds were considered to be adults in this world, wasn't the educational period too short?

The second kind was the magic academy, but here you would be taught lessons on magic on top of the general education you would receive at the normal school.

They must cram students' heads full of lessons...or so I thought, but it turned

out their educational period lasted 10 years. Moreover, they even had uniforms and a guaranteed social status as a student.

There's quite the difference huh~. But after listening carefully, it seemed that the children with high magical powers were more numerous among the nobles, so it must be something that couldn't be helped.

For that reason, I wanted to enter this magic academy.

There were classes for nobles at the normal school as well, but I want to experience a normal bittersweet love~.

Nobles would make their debut into high society at the age of 13, but it was kind of like a marriage interview, which sounded wearisome.

I didn't want to experience a grade schooler's love, but at the least, a middle schooler's love.

It was an impure motive, but if I had no talent for magic anyway, I would automatically be sent to the normal school.

I'll try my best for the magic examination!

There were quite the number of people in the examination hall when we entered. At a glance, I saw that there were around ten children around my age.

When we approached the reception desk, the receptionist lady seemed to jump with surprise when she turned to look at us.

To look so surprised upon seeing someone's face, how rude....When I intently glared at her, the lady appeared to be flustered as she began giving an explanation to Mother.

Not bothered by what happened, Mother and Vio were calmly nodding as they listened. Impressive indeed.

.....Uh-oh, that was bad. I had to behave like a human would.

The magical power examination seemed to involve some manual work aspects.

You didn't get to place your hand on a crystal ball and they didn't tell you anything like, "your aptitude for magic goes like this". Instead, at every examination booth there was a spell charged wand, which would shoot out a teensy bit of magic upon being waved, and it counted as a pass if the magic activated. If it didn't activate, it was a fail. Absolutely simple.

But would a 2 year old even know how to channel magical power...?

Sneaking a peek to one side, I saw that one child was releasing a flame like a lighter. I wondered if that degree of magic meant that the child had overflowing amounts of magical power.

There were other booths marked with water and wind-like signs too, so it might be that a person's aptitude wasn't limited to one type of magic.

First of all, I was to begin with trying normal magic. It was normally activated through magical power and spells.

Although it was called normal, it was a versatile kind of magic.

It seemed that there were various types, but for the time being there would be no problems choosing among earth, water, fire and wind elements.

"...Th, then ojou-sama, please try using this one."

Another one afraid of me....Please don't be scared of a 2 year old.

Pulling myself together, I took the wand that was passed to me...this was a pencil right...and I waved it.

".....?"

"It appears that ojou-sama doesn't have an affinity for fire.... I am so sorry."

Why apologize? Was it because I looked like a noble? Come to think of it, what was the status of our household again...?

Recovering my thoughts, I went to try the other booths.

“.....”

“Yuru-oujousama, there is still spirit magic remaining.”

Her thoughtfulness was painful.

Vio spoke to comfort the me who successively failed at the water, wind and earth booths.

But I wonder why the magic wouldn't activate...? When the old man in charge of the examination saw that the wands would start shining just from my touch, he had told me that my magical power was high. Was it that I simply had no affinity whatsoever..?

There were 6 booths remaining to be tried.

4 kinds of spirit magic and...eh? There was supposed to be light and dark spirits in fantasies. I wonder if there was none in this world?

And the others were....

When I turned to look at the last remaining 2 booths, Vio spoke in a voice only Mother and I could hear.

“Ria-sama. Lately...there has been a bad reputation of summoning magic going around.”

“Even though it isn't that dangerous, apart from demon summoning....”

Demon summoning...huh. Certainly it brought a bad image to mind.

Upon further listening, I learnt that summoning magic was capitalized on the research of magic circles, and nobles would study it mainly to take part in the research. It seemed interesting.

“Mother, what about that one~?”

“That one is for holy magic. It's used for things like healing people.”

“Ria-sama. Becoming a user of holy magic, there is the risk of being taken in by the church....”

I wondered if she had some sort of bad experience with the church in the past....

When Vio, who could use healing magic, said those words with knitted brows, Mother showed a troubled and bitter smile.

Mother was acquainted with the old man from the church after all. It was quite the troublesome matter.

And apparently, holy magic wasn't something that only the church and its members could use.

“For now, let us try out everything. I think that it isn't right for us to limit the possibilities for Yuru.”

“.....I understand.”

I had a feeling she was in a bleak mood, so I gently patted Vio on the head, which seemed to make her feel a little better.

The next booth was for spirit magic. I had a bit of expectation for this one. Because demons and spirits were both inhabitants of the same spiritual world, I thought of them as an existence similar to myself.

“.....”

Those wind spirit midgets. They ran away looking frightened the moment they saw my face.

Even the examiner onii-chan was in blank amazement from seeing the lesser wind spirits fleeing as fast as they could, just like the wind, and not allowing even a moments time to call out to them.

The water spirit made me cry inside.

When I drew near the tiny water spirit that was in the form of a woman, she covered her face and cowered, so much that no matter what the spirit user ordered, she wouldn't move an inch.

But I knew why. It looked like the spirit user couldn't understand the words of spirits, but I could hear it. She was continuously muttering...

"[I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry...]"

Catching on to the current situation, the earth spirit returned into the ground without a word, and didn't respond to the summons for a second time.

The fire spirit was a little better. But it was no good. When I asked the fire spirit who was fixedly glaring at me,

"You're not going to disappear...?"

The instant I spoke, it vanished with a puff.

"....."

".....It appears that ojousama does not have an aptitude for spirit magic so...."

Well~, next up was summoning magic.

Mm? It's not like I'm feeling down in particular. It's true I tell you!

"Please try touching the magic circle here."

A straight-backed old man with the air of a professor instructed me.

The old man had embarked on a lengthy explanation, as if conducting a lecture, however...what was this person doing to a 2 year old really....

To summarize, this general purpose summoning circle was a very casual product, from which you couldn't call out anything big. It would casually connect to some realm, and casually summon an insect demon, or if your magical power was high, an adequately small animal demon would appear.



“.....Okay.”

I casually nodded and touched the summoning circle.

“[.....ROOOOOOAAAAAAAAA.....]”

From somewhere far away...I heard a voice I had memories of...as if it was crying out from the deep depths of the earth.

When I unintentionally, or should I say unconsciously, slapped my hand onto the summoning magic circle, the light given off by my magical power disappeared.

Having accidentally heard that voice too, the professor old man inspected the magic circle with a blue face, and though he was puzzled about my previous actions, he turned around to face the three of us.

“My apologies. It seems that the summoning circle was broken. However, although it’s uncertain for the ojousama, I believe that she has an aptitude for summoning magic.”

That was dangerous...a close call. There was no doubt about it. That voice...he was mad alright.

At any rate, I finally received a pass...although just barely.

But later on I came to know, that anyone with magical power was able to use summoning magic circles....

After giving our thanks to the professor and standing up, we headed to the final booth for holy magic.

Feeling delighted that her daughter would be attending the same academy as

she did, Mother held me in her arms on the way to the booth.

“Isn’t it great~, Yuru.”

“Yup.”

In contrast to the joyfully smiling pair of mother and daughter, the facial expression of Vio wasn’t too good.

.....It couldn’t be helped. When I stretched out my hand toward her with a curious look on my face, acting like a child that didn’t understand a thing, Vio finally took my hand with a laugh.

Did she hate the church that much?

Now then, the last booth was for holy magic, but I was fine with not taking the examination if Vio disliked it that much. To be frank, I didn’t mind it since I’d already earned the qualification to enter the magic academy.

But on the contrary, Vio encouraged me to take the examination, influenced by the talks of my future possibilities and the like.

And so....

“.....”

A fish-san was flopping about on top of a chopping board.

Even now, the light being given off from the wand I was holding prevented the fish from dying.

“It appears that ojousama has a strong aptitude for holy magic.”

Are you serious, I’m a demon you know?

In the booth, there was a fish on the verge of death. Placed on top of a chopping board and unable to breathe, the fish only desired for its suffering to quickly end...or so I imagined.

At that moment, a strong light had shot out of the wand held in my hand, which prolonged the suffering of the fish.

Quite cruel if I may say so myself.

As I thought...I'm a demon after all.

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## Chapter 5: I Became a 3 Year Old

“.....Do you remember me?”

Father asked as he looked anxiously at me.

Of course I remember.

As long as you are my Father, I'd never forget such a good-looking person.

His face was clearly revealing his thoughts...that since he couldn't come see his young daughter no more than once or twice a year, it would only be natural for her to have forgotten him.

Ever since the matter of holy magic had passed, I, who had strongly recognized the [Demon] within me, was ever more firmly determined than before to conduct myself to behave like a human, so I was going try my best as a daughter as well.

“...Father?”

When I called out and walked towards him with toddling steps, Father showed a look of being surprised.

“Ohh...Yurushia. So you would call me father....”

Eh? Come to think of it, was this the first time I called him [Father] in person?

Still...Father, aren't you a bit too afraid I wonder? I know how inhuman I look, but if you fear me to that extent, to be honest I feel down.

But I mustn't lose heart because of this.

As a frail demon hiding among humans, the best idea was to be protected by wonderful people like Father. It wasn't because the elegant old man happened to be my favorite or anything like that.

First of all, I had to get him used to me.

Today was my 3rd birthday.

As for presents, I received a comb made of silver from Mother. I was a little frightened by silver items, holy magic and the like, but no problems occurred. In retrospect, hadn't I used a silver spoon all this time just fine?

From the three maid girls I received a book called [A Document on Magic Usable from Age 3]... even though books were expensive in this world....

From Trufi-san, who had completed her work as a wet-nurse and returned home, I received a small painting to decorate in my room. It was very lovely.

From Father, I received a huge bear plushy, a regular sized rabbit plushy, a bouquet of roses, and a ton of candies bought from a famous store in the royal capital.

When I tried eating the sweets...there wasn't enough flavor as expected. It wasn't any less in terms of quality when compared with the sweets from the dream world, but it was somehow unsatisfying.

But I had to persevere and eat it all...or else everyone will be sad.

My birthday party had ended. Father would always leave again when night came, but this time I tried to playfully keep him from going away.

I toddled my way to Father, who had always been hesitant of even being touched by me, and tugged on his leg that was on the sofa.

".....What wrong? Yurushia."

When our eyes met, Father visibly lost his composure. ....So it was no good unless I acted more boldly.

"Father, hug~"

"Oh-ohh."

Father was wide-eyed, responding in a voice that was hard to tell whether it was a reply or a groan. He then perched me on top of his lap with strong arms.

I was kind of excited. Not as a daughter, but as a maiden.

"" ..... ""

Somehow it became silent.

I was simply emotionally moved from having a lap seat and resting my back against the chest of a man, but Father seemed to be at a loss as to how to deal with his alien 3 year old daughter.

And from that moment I carried out my plan. Yes. I am a cat. I will become a cat. This is definitely not me giving in to my instincts.

I nuzzled against Father's chest with my nose.

Father seemed to tremble slightly, but I didn't mind it. When I nuzzled against him even more, Father timidly patted my head.

With the intended message of, "Father, please pat me more diligently", I rubbed my head against his large hands.

.....Oh? Something smells good. Smelling the same sweet scent that Mother gave off caused me to further increase my rate of nuzzling.

".....Were you lonely?"

Father asked me in a gentle voice.

Eh? Was I? Looking up at Father with a slightly pondering look, I saw that he was now directly meeting my gaze with a sorrowful expression on his face.

.....Ho, how should I reply? I felt a little flustered. Maybe it was the fault of the smell, but my cheeks were hot....

Unable to come up with a response and becoming embarrassed in the midst of staring at one another, I escaped into that intoxicating smell by burying my face

into Father's chest.

".....Muu."

"You sure like to be pampered...I'll dote on you as much as you want then."

Father's voice became cheery as he gently brushed my hair with his large hands and tickled around my ears and neck. Father seemed to be having fun as he swiftly caught me when I twisted my body away from his tickling hands.

What could it be...this feeling. I was feeling a similar sensation to when I had mofumofu'd with [Him]....By any chance, was I being tamed...?

"Nyaa."

Letting out a sound that even I couldn't explain, I escaped Father's hands to take refuge in his chest.

"Hahaha. Yurushia is just like a kitten."

Feeling my face becoming even hotter from being whispered to in my ears, I resolutely stuck my face onto Father's chest to find solace in that heady scent.

\* \* \*

There was a man named Folt.

He excelled in the sword, and possessed an exceptional mind. His future was full of great expectations, but he didn't think to use his abilities to their fullest.

He had an elder sister and elder brother. The relationship between the three siblings was quite good.

The elder sister was a willful woman, but kind to those below her, and beloved by everyone around her. She was the pride of her brothers, and even after she married into a family far away, her teachings strongly remained within the hearts of her two brothers.

The elder brother was a man of valor, and his personality was one that was farthest away from being described as delicate. His swordsmanship easily surpassed that of his younger brother Folt, and his bravery won him many admirers.

Folt greatly respected his elder sister and elder brother. The elder sister and brother pair also loved their clever and honest younger brother, and were proud of him.

But his cleverness and capability brought him misfortune.

The siblings' household was a powerful one. And only one man could succeed the house.

Folt believed in his heart that only his elder brother, who was held in high esteem by many, could be worthy of becoming the successor to their house, and that his duty was to become his brother's strength. So, seeking higher knowledge, he devoted himself to studying without rest.

But as time passed, there were some who voiced their thoughts of Folt being the suitable candidate for head of house.

Folt denied them all. But when he realized that those voices wouldn't stop, Folt didn't hesitate to seek audience with his father, deciding to abandon his family name.

But the one who stopped him, was none other than Folt's elder brother himself.

The elder brother was aware of the great efforts Folt had made, and dearly valued his strength, because he recognized Folt's character better than anyone else.

The elder brother didn't mind conceding the position of next in line to the head of house, so long as Folt wished for it. He knew that Folt had the abilities for the position, but he also knew that Folt didn't desire it.

He wished for Folt to be free. But even so, he wanted Folt to display his abilities by his side, and devised a scheme that went against the wishes of his younger brother, knowing full well that he would be resented.



It couldn't truly be called a scheme, because in a way, the elder brother was only fulfilling familial duty.

The plan was to marry his younger brother into a relative's household which only had a daughter. There would be no problems for the time being, but once his clever younger brother married, and if that household was to grow in influence, that would be sure to bring troubles in the future.

But the attitude of the relative's daughter wasn't good, and he had a bitter experience in putting the two together to marry.

The elder brother knew that his younger brother had someone he was mutually in love with. The person he loved was the daughter of a wet nurse, and also his foster sister. She was an extremely kind and beautiful girl.

However, as a foster child, she didn't have a high enough social standing. Their family would be even more opposed to their marriage than the idea of marrying his younger brother to his relatives.

That was why the elder brother even resorted to forceful methods in bringing his younger brother closer to the house of his relatives.

Even though he knew this would bring sorrow to his younger brother and foster sister, he did so nevertheless.

Several years passed, and two daughters were born to Folt.

Both of them resembled their mother and were of such poor character, that the elder brother had even once asked Folt if these two were really his children. At the very least, it was a relief that they weren't sons.

Folt couldn't bring himself to confront his willful wife that was 2 years his senior about their children, while on the other hand, his two daughters favored their mother more than their father.

Folt had a sudden thought. Did I truly love my wife and daughters? Taking after their beautiful mother, the two daughters were also lovely. Others expressed their envy of him, but Folt couldn't understand why. He didn't feel

that he was loved by his wife and daughters.

Folt knew that all his elder brother had done was for his sake.

He was truly happy to be able to work for his elder brother.

But contrary to those feelings, Folt's worries only continued to pile on, and his exhaustion only worsened as the days passed.

Seeing him in such a state, his elder brother told him of a place where he would be able to ease his spirit.

He headed towards that place, half in doubt, and there he found waiting for him, the woman that was his foster sister, who had never stopped loving Folt.

The two deeply felt the mutual love they had for each other, and in time, the heavens bestowed an angel between the two of them.

Their beloved daughter, who had come back to life from stillbirth, grew to be an unbelievably healthy child.

She was so pure and lovely that he hesitated to even touch her.

Was it alright for me to even go near her? I have another wife, other children. Am I worthy of being her father?

It was the 2nd birthday of his daughter. Folt was shaken by the sight of his daughter.

His daughter was still only an adorable child just a year ago. Yet at the tender age of 2 she had become almost frightfully lovely.

Was she really human...? Was she really not an angel?

Startled by his own thoughts, Folt was more hesitant than ever in making contact with his daughter.

But even so, when he closed his eyes, the figures of the woman and daughter

he loved would come to mind.

When he thought to himself, what if this fear of mine caused my daughter to look at me with the cold eyes of my other wife and children?, he was overcome with anxiety that threatened to burst his chest.

On the day of his daughter's 3rd birthday. Once again, he was harboring doubts and fears in his heart when his daughter called out to Folt, called him father. He had considered the possibility of being forgotten...it couldn't have been helped.

Nevertheless, the time they spent apart was too long, and he didn't know how to face his daughter.

But all of a sudden, his daughter made the first move of demanding a hug, and that sight of her caused Folt to realize just how foolish he had been.

His daughter had been lonely. The moment he realized that she had been feeling sad for not being able to see him, all the love he had been repressing in his heart spilled out for his beloved daughter.

Why did I keep my distance from her, just because her beauty was disconnected from the norm?

Just because I didn't deserve to love her, how could I have caused my innocent and precious daughter to be lonely...

I'll love the both of them. With my life. Even if the world was to become my enemy.

I'll never marry away my daughter.

\* \* \*

There was a young maiden named Serina.

She had turned 20 years old this year, and felt a little embarrassed of being called a young maiden, but because of her baby-face, every elderly folk that

knew her called her a maiden, and she had given up on correcting them.

She worked as a receptionist at the main campus of the magic academy within the royal capital.

She was a magician that had graduated from the magic academy a few years back. Her specialty was summoning magic, and the demon summoning incident had occurred at the time of her graduation. As a result, she had some difficulties in finding employment due to the bad reputation of summoners.

Moreover, Serina was of commoner origins without any connections. But the head professor of the magic academy thought it was a pity, knowing how precise her skill in drawing magic circles were, so he recommended her for office work. But for some reason, she was assigned to a receptionist post.

Nevertheless, Serina had no complaints towards her work.

She liked to research by nature so she would help out the professor with his research whenever she had free time, and she was also quite the expert receptionist, making her popular with visitors. Even her personality was good, and there were rumors of secret marriage proposals going around.

But regardless of the talks of marriage, she wanted to continue working for a while longer. Serina was fond of children, and held much good-will toward the children that attended the magic academy. She was extremely happy in being able to see adorable babies once every month when they carried out magical power examinations.

Cuteness was justice and power.

That was a phrase she had heard by coincidence, when during one of her experiments, those words had echoed out from a magic circle. Serina understood those words with her soul, in spite of the language being foreign to her, and she accepted those words as the Word of God.

Although that was a trivial story....

One day. When Serina, due to a lack of manpower, had to head to a branch of the magic academy on the magic examination day to help out as a receptionist, two women had appeared before her.

One of them was a very beautiful woman with luxuriant blonde hair. The other woman wore a maid uniform and appeared to be an attendant of the former. The maid was also good-looking, but more than that, Serina's attention was focused on the child being held by the maid.

The little girl was wearing a dress that appeared to be meant for dolls, perhaps designed by an enthusiastic noble as a hobby. She observed the girl from the side, looking at that golden hair that was much too pretty and wondered if the maid was actually carrying a doll instead.

Once in a while, out of those who came for the examination, there would be some parents that treated their children like pets, acting as if they were angels and dressing them up gaudily, and this made Serina's mood turn weary.

But the moment that little girl turned her face towards Serina, she felt as if her heart had stopped.

A doll.....? That couldn't be. There was no way a doll could be this lovely.

Having this girl wear normal clothing for children, was equal to blasphemy against God.

Within the eyes of this little girl who continued to stare at her, Serina saw God...or so she felt.

Later on she found out that the little girl was compatible with summoning and holy magic. If the girl was a noble then one day, in several years or so, she would be entering the main school instead of the branch school.

Unable to hold back her anticipation, Serina looked up the name of the little girl, and fiercely clenching her fist, she speculated to herself that entering a

summoning magic related position may allow her to be acquainted with that girl.

Katsun.....

Serina was slightly startled as she turned around toward the abrupt sound of footsteps.

Lately, Serina had been spending too much time in recalling the figure of that little girl in her memory, causing her to fall behind on work, and so every few days she would work overtime to finish the piled up workload.

When she noticed, night had already fallen and the only form of illumination was the magic light on her desk while there were no other staff members around.

Of course, there were a few professors staying behind, but they were all people devoted to their research and they would almost never come over to the office work area.

So the most likely person remaining was the security guard. But as I was bracing myself to be scolded and told to go home, what appeared instead was a woman wearing a simple yet well-tailored deep red dress.

“V-vice director, -sama?”

“.....Oh my. I see there was still someone remaining.”

The woman called the vice director calmly smiled at Serina...but something in her smile gave off the feeling of a bird of prey.

Although she was the vice director, she was still relatively young. Her age was around 30.....

She had luxurious red hair that gave off a deep passionate impression, and her lips glimmered with a rosy red color. Her blue eyes shone with a powerful

light made you want to avert your gaze. Her simple dress that displayed her alluring arms and legs to their fullest, appeared to have been created just for her, and while the features of her face was a little harsh, even that seemed to only further add to her beauty.

But for all that, her looks didn't appeal to Serina.

"Thank you for your hard work. ....That's right, would you mind if I asked for a favor?"

"Ye, yes, what might it be-"

Although it was this late, Serina had no intentions of refusing the vice director. But she felt doubtful in her mind. While there were two vice directors of the magic academy, her post was granted as an honorary position, and she would show up at the academy a few times a year at most. Serina couldn't understand why she would be here alone and at such a late time.

"I'd like to see the list of names for the successful applicants during the magical power examinations in the past few years...just 3 years worth of examination results will do fine."

"...Ye, yes."

Why would she ask for such a thing...? She puzzled it over in her mind, but didn't have the courage to ask in person. But perhaps her face had shown her confusion for a moment, because the vice director spoke as if to answer her question,

"I just wanted to know just how many children of the nobles there were that might work for the country in the future, that's all."

After speaking, the vice director unexpectedly smiled and warmly laughed.

"I, I'll bring it right away."

Fully convinced by the vice director's speech that seemed to be prepared in advance, Serina swiftly took out a book with the list of names she had always been secretly looking at.

"Thank you. Please wait a moment."

Flipping page after page...she appeared to be searching for something instead of reading through. After pausing for a moment on a certain page, she immediately closed the book and returned it to Serina.

"That was enough. And I have to say, it isn't good for a girl to be alone here at this time. If you have work due, make sure to do it early in the morning."

"Ye-yes."

Serina reacted to her sensible warning by standing up straight and replying yes, after which the vice director walked away, disappearing along the corridor, with the magic light from the small wand she held swaying against the darkness.

Serina remained frozen in that pose of standing to attention, until the footsteps of the vice director were completely gone. Afterwards, she collapsed back onto her chair.

".....Let's go home."

\*

Honorary vice director of the magic academy. Her name was Albertine.

Normally, a person of her status would be accompanied by attendants, but they had been made to wait outside of the academy in an inconspicuous spot.

She couldn't afford to stand out by bringing along a large number of people. And she didn't trust anyone apart from a select few.

".....Zumana."



She softly called out, and a thin man in his early twenties appeared out of the darkness, smoothly bowing towards her.

“The children?”

“Yes. Although the little ladies missed the wife and husband, they fell asleep a while ago.”

“Is that so...”

Not long after murmuring those words, Albertine whispered to herself in a barely audible voice.

“So he isn’t there...”

Albertine herself didn’t seem to realize she had let out such a whisper, but Zumana had heard it, and couldn’t help but to cast down his gaze when he sensed the uncontrollable emotions in her voice.

“Follow me.”

“Yes.”

Albertine didn’t look back as she started walking, and Zumana gave a silent bow towards her back before following behind.

The two continued to walk along the corridors within the academy, illuminating the way with a small magic light. After navigating through numerous paths, which would cause an unfamiliar person to lose their way, they finally reached a place where there was a single door, which was letting out a dim light from the gap underneath.

“Gasparl-sama, are you in there?”

Albertine didn’t knock, but called out in a voice that wasn’t loud nor small, and several seconds later the door opened, revealing an elderly gentleman.

“Well if it isn’t Albertine-sama, welcome.”

Professor Gasparl had a warm smile on his face as he greeted the late visiting Albertine, who had once been his star pupil and was now his superior.

“Is this another new experiment of yours, Gasparl-sama...?”

The interior of the room hadn't changed a bit from the time she was a pupil, but upon seeing a magic circle she had never seen before, she smiled helplessly as she recalled the nickname of the professor: the mad researcher.

“Hahaha. You see, I came across a child with strong magic and a talent for summoning magic. Before that child enters the academy, I wanted to fix up some things that weren't working due to insufficient magical power.”

“I...see.”

Albertine slowly narrowed her eyes, thinking back to the list of names she had read prior to this visit.

“It's a messy place here, but how about a cup of tea?”

“.....I'm fine, thank you. Rather than that, how is the research going on with the magic circle from before?”

“It's almost finished, however...with the way it is now, its compelling force is rather low, so it will take a while longer.”

Calling out a specific demons, and specific spirits. A magic circle that didn't randomly summon by type, but instead summoned strong individuals in accordance with the image of the summoner.

Gasparl had thought it would make for an interesting experiment. Even if two fire spirits were to be summoned, there would be differences in individual strength according to the time they have spent in existence.

It was known that if a user of spirit magic earned the favor of a spirit, and if the user summoned that spirit, then it would not only grow in intelligence, but in power also. However, it wasn't possible to earn the favor of powerful spirits except for those spirit magicians of exceptional caliber. But if a summoning magic circle could be used to make forced summons, even a lesser magician would be able to gain an above-average power.

However, Gasparl wondered.

“What would you use such a thing for...?”

The mood silently changed as Gasparl shot a piercing gaze towards Albertine.

“It’s because I also like to research. Moreover, ever since that incident, there has been harsh criticism against summoners, so if I could somehow help my husband by using summoning magic...”

The public impression of summoning magic would change as well.

“So that’s how it is.....as one would expect of Albertine-sama. Well then, take this.”

Gasparl smiled, and handed over the experimental prototype magic circle he had readily prepared.

Albertine breathed a little easier, having successfully obtained the item which was the purpose for today.

“Gasparl-sama, thank you very much. I’ll return this favor in time...”

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## Chapter 6: The Splendid Daily Life of a 3 Year Old

Human beings and other creatures of this world live serious lives.

Half a year has passed since my 3-year-old Birthday. As expected, I'm a 3-year-old. It's different from a 2-year-old. Understand that in this half a year many, many things have changed; or so I feel these days.

The first change was from my Father.

His visits of this mansion, which were once 1-2 times per Year, have now increased to 1-2 times per Month.

What happened, Father? Did you get fired?

No, no. If it's my wonderful father, customers would come by the dozens. As his daughter, I can guarantee it.

Then, there's that..... I don't care for sweets, so there's no need to bring them every time. Eating them makes me restless. Even if you serve them by hand with teary eyes, I'll refuse.

Well, although when I say that, his face becomes very lonely.....

Ahh, I can't resist the temptation of Father's lap. I love sitting on his knee a lot. Recently, he along with my Mother have started patting me.

..... You guys, aren't you pampering me a bit too much?

\*

Min came to read me a book. I really like stories.

Of course, I've also read before, you know? The book Min's brought is a picture book; it's essentially a biography of this land, the surrounding areas, and other such things.

“Deep within the forest, a Fairy tribe known as the Shiodaifuku dwells.”

“..... Eh?”

“Deep within the forest, the Fairy tribe Shiodaifuku lives.”

“Ah, I see.”

I carelessly interrupted Min, causing her to energetically repeat what she said. [Salt Daifuku] is..... What is it? I think I sort of recall some sort of strange creature.

As a Demon... Or more, as an inhabitant of the Spirit World, even if I don't understand the language, I can feel the intentions contained within the words.

I [Heard]the proper noun through the sound it makes. For example, a word that means Apple, when heard, will translate to Apple. When I say Apple, it's translated in a language above the common [Spirit Language]: the [Holy Spirit Language], so it's translated and understood of its own accord

Though speaking is incredibly convenient, letters are a bit troublesome.

I can read without a problem. The writing is converted into characters of a known language, and sorted properly; even if it's just a glance, so long as I've read the word once before I can read fluently.

But that won't do. I can't write. Not understanding the grammar of the language I'm writing is fatal.

I have to remember each and every character written while watching the characters reform converted while writing. It's really troublesome.

And so, I've begun to think that it would be better to tone down the ability of [Language Conversion] and started studying.

I lower [Language Conversion] and slowly mutter [Salt Daifuku].

“..... Elf.”

Seriously?

From the story, my knowledge of the Elves wasn't changed much, but the common sense of this world is quite tricky.

Incidentally, Dwarves are also present.

Their natural pronunciation is better than Salt Daifuku: [Mochipurun].

..... Hm? It doesn't really matter, but their height seems to be ~2 meters.

Both races seem to live in seclusion, so finding any in this country is quite improbable. Even so, I still wish to see them. Because the moment I meet them, I'll likely burst into laughter.

Now, I should teach you of this Country.

The Holy Kingdom Taterudo. The Imperial Capital has many surrounding cities; it seems that millions of people live there. Whether many things are shared between the cities or not, I do not know.

To the west is the Touru territory. Hundreds of thousands of people live there.

It seems that it's common for people to live their entire lifetime without taking even one step out of the territory.

Many Countries are similar in that respect, however, as it can take 2-3 weeks to travel long distances by carriage. I'd prefer not experiencing such a thing if possible.

“There's a [Demon King] in the far-off country of Yul, too—”

“D-Demon King?”

..... As expected of a fantasy world!

Far away, it seems that a [Demonic] country exists, and there are numerous countries with Demonic inhabitants.

But don't Demonic beings live in the Spirit World? Although, I seem to be living on ordinary land.

I'm different from common Humans in appearance, so this information is making me a bit restless. I need to calm down a little.

In the end, my fears were dispersed upon learning that the last attack on Humanity was several hundreds of years ago. Hey, Min, stroke my head. There's no guarantee that another war won't happen? Don't raise such a flag.

\*

"Yuru seems quite fond of fish."

"... Yes."

As a matter of fact, I don't particularly like them.

Our Mansion is situated in the middle of a slightly elevated hill, and there's a brook just outside of one of the walls.

Because of this, Franz the gardener usually goes fishing together with some guards..... What about the work?

I'm being held completely by Fer when we came to see it, but how old will I need to be for her to stop carrying me around...?

Won't doing this result in bigger arm muscles? Will you be able to get married with such arms?

As an aside, will the fish that're caught today be used for dinner tonight? Their taste is a bit plain.

Why can I feel that way without being a fish enthusiast? He had used magic to catch fish before, that's how.

To be frank, I feel a strange temptation after pulling dying fish out of the water. It's similar to the feeling I would get by chasing Mice and Insects inside the Spirit World.

But following my instincts and attacking a Fish-san with my bare hands would result in me being taken to the Hospital under the suspicion that something's wrong with my head, without a doubt.

At the same time, the main reason I don't do it is because I don't want to get my hands dirty... How selfish of me.

It's also slightly frightening that I'd be able to do so and promptly use [Recovery Magic] on the Fish.

It shouldn't be used for such a cruel reason.

Timidly, I peek into the creel and see several River Fish-sans twitching within.

Anyway, the trouble I'm faced with is that I find these half-dead looking Fish-sans more delicious than cooked ones.

Hm? Is it natural to like Fish-sans in this state?

Waa— I really am childlike, aren't I.....?

Mhh~..... I really can't understand my sense of taste.

\*

Vio teaches me about Magic.

Even though I know that I can't use Magic types other than Summoning Magic and Holy Magic, I still need to understand other types of Magic after all.

Also, I don't understand whether my Magic power is that of a 3-year-old Human or that of a Demon currently, so if I don't learn about it early, I could



end up revealing my true identity.

“This Magic is a common spell of the Water attribute.”

So Vio said with a serious face while a dense ball of water floats above her palm.

“..... Common?”

“It’s an extremely common Water Spell.”

“.....”

How vague.

What’s common.....? Is it just common in general? Or maybe it’s the principles the magic is invoked with? Or maybe it’s the incantation?

“It can be used by chanting its age-old incantation.”

“..... So that’s how it is.”

Really vague..... What’s the Magic Academy teaching?

“... Who invented the Spell?”

“I’ve heard that it was the Elves, but...”

Is that so? Good job, Elves.

The incantation is conveyed without thinking about it, so it can be used at any time..... What foolishness.

It’s stupid, and just barely tolerable to think that the incantation is chanted using a [Common Language]. I don’t know what language it’s spoken in, probably Elvish, but it’s making use of the [Spirit Language] in order to

summarize the words.

But that's even more foolish, because the people who're using it won't understand what they're chanting!

Instead, it's simply memorized!

But I'm a Demon, so I can understand it. Even if I didn't want to understand it, I would.

I heard the Chant used by Vio earlier; this is what it sounded like:

"[Water, which governs all of creation, kiss mine hand.]"

It's compressed. It's commonly spread. And for some reason, it works.

This common magic is really, really vague.

"What about Spirit Magic?"

"It calls them."

"..... Eh?"

"You can use it to call upon a Spirit."

What would happen if there were no Spirits nearby...?

"Well, Wind Spirits are present when the wind blows, and Water Spirits are always hidden somewhere within the water."

So you call out, and they find you. .... What is this, spectral hide-and-seek?

I haven't seen Spirit Magic used anywhere but the Magic Academy, but.....

In my puzzlement, Vio slightly tilts her head.

"Come to think of it, the area around the Mansion didn't have any signs of Spirits at all."

"....."

They must have ran away from me.

The fact that when I sit beside a Fireplace the fire becomes smaller is proof of that.

So, in short, for Spirit Magic, if a Human can call an appropriate Spirit properly, the Magic works. So, if I can manage to find a Spirit that doesn't hide from me, it'll be fine.

I'd like it if a Spirit went out of its way to find me, but..... Well.....

Frankly, the number of Spirits which would do so is lacking.....

Is this really what you'd call magic.....?

"It is said that Summoning Magic makes use of shapes in a similar way words are used for Spirits."

That's surprisingly decent.

"And so?"

"..... And so what, Yuru-ojousama?"

".....Ha?"

That's all?!

"Well, Summoning Magic itself is still being researched, and it only became possible to summon Spirits with it recently....."

"What about in the past...?"

"The moment they were called, they disappeared."

Is this even usable?

But if Summoning is based off of Spirit Magic..... Wouldn't practitioners be unaccustomed to granting the summoned creature's request?

Ah, I see. That's why Demon Summoning is mainstream.

Since Demons can simply make a Contract if there isn't a [Souvenir] of some sort.

And so, summoning Animals using the same method one would use with Spirits and Demons would be difficult. I can understand the reasoning somehow. Their bodies would essentially be a mass of Magical Power, and so they wouldn't be able to enter the physical realm properly.

My impression is that Magic Formations, when written neatly, are quite stable. If it was messy, then it would feel similar to being caught on a hangnail.

The size of the formation itself likely changes the required amount of Magical Power.

Because I passed through by force, I ended up in this state.

"Last is Holy Magic....."

I have Vio teach me a simple incantation.

Though this is similar to other Magic, I feel that it's a bit different. It's extremely simple. The Spell that Vio used, when translated, ended up as [Let there be Light]

Similar to a ball, a Magic Light was formed when I tried it. In the case of common lights made via Magic, the use of Fire Magic for me is impossible.

"Oh, it's splendid Yuru-ojousama."

"Ah, thank you."

This, so long my eyes became accustomed to the area, wouldn't this Spell not be needed? I was thinking that, Vio explained further.

"For Holy Magic, it becomes customizable depending on one's mental image."

Like that, there seems to be more than one use for each Spell.

After kneading the Magic, I increase the power. Once I become accustomed to the sense of emitting light, the light becomes stronger. When using an image of God, it becomes[Heal]. It becomes [Sacred Light] through the image of destroying Evil.

But I don't think there's any real relationship to God.

In short, simply because the all-purpose Energy was in the [Light] state, the image of God appears.

But as a weak Spirit, my intent might just be weak as well.....

\*

Now let's talk about the Animals of this world.

There're horses. Well, there're carriages, so that should be obvious.....

Its figure is almost exactly the same as those in my memories, but they're a little silly.

They run over to their masters like dogs to be fawned over. Because they're big, it's a little scary.

"Look, Yurushia, this is Ouma-san"

"Ouma—"

Currently, I'm being held by Father, who's showing off his favorite horse.

It seems from the perspective of others, it was pitiful for me to not being outdoors more often. Because of this, my Mother made a request.

Father, Mother, and three other people were to come with me outside. I was delighted, but... It doesn't seem that Mother can come. *sniffle*

Instead, today's turn to cuddle became entirely Father's, although Vio came as well.

..... Hey, won't I become poor at walking if this keeps happening...? The chain

of pampering just doesn't stop.

So, today we would be riding to the outskirts of town on horseback.

Was a place closer by no good? I don't have a problem because I can purr on my father, but for his subordinates, we've been moving without a carriage for about an hour.

"....."

"Sig is quiet."

Although it seems to love Father and rushed quickly over to him, it became completely stiff when it looked at me.

Sig-kun. Why are you averting your eyes?

To Father's subordinates, he's an affable horse, but the moment he saw me, he started madly rubbing his head against me, and even yelled at the subordinates who approached. Just the other day he looked up at me with glittering eyes while showing me his stomach.

Understanding this creature is impossible for me.....

Although I wondered whether I could talk with him using my ability, it wasn't able to converse because its language was unintelligible.

Anyways, I'm riding that Sig-kun with my Father.

Slowly, slowly and carefully..... How amazing, Sig-kun. With this movement, a horse walking on thin ice would be possible, you know.....

If possible, I want you to run with a *clip-clop*. Even though I have my cool Father riding among white horses, this speed's a bit disappointing...

Father riding on a running white horse would be really cool, I think.

Using my scarce knowledge, I try to imagine Father riding a white horse,

wearing a kimono and riding across the beach... But all that comes to mind are rambunctious kids. Why?

After passing time by having fun with Father, we take a carriage back to the house.

I'm on the knee of my father for the journey. Incidentally, my feet haven't touched the ground since we've left the house.

On the middle of the way back, the carriage is stopped suddenly. I wonder if it's a traffic accident?

Immediately, the door of the carriage is opened and one of the subordinates whispers something into Father's ear. Even with the ears of a Demon, I still don't understand the contents.

Regretfully, I'm lowered from my father's knee..... And handed promptly to Vio before heading outside of the carriage.

Just what's happening outside? ..... I'm concerned.

"Y-Yuru-ojousama?"

Vio is acting unusually flustered. How come?

For the most part, I who is quiet just like a doll, don't ask anything selfish, but even so I reach towards the window of the horse-drawn carriage.

"I want to look outside—"

"O-ou-sama, the Master will return soon..."

Vio seems to have thought that I felt lonely from being apart from Father..... Perhaps another push?

".....Muu."

"It can't be helped, perhaps just a little?"

After puffing out my cheeks and staring fixatedly, she flinched and easily gave permission.

Is she afraid of me after all?

When I look out of the glass window, I see father talk about something to a woman with bright red hair as she descends from a different carriage.

She's beautiful. But Mother is more beautiful.

The beauty seems to be in a bad mood about something..... And Father seems to be lacking his usual vigor. Could our carriage have accidentally collided with theirs? Do they have insurance?

But that person..... They seem to be acting quite bossy towards Father.....

While I stared with a slightly displeased feeling, the beauty suddenly looks my way, and the moment our eyes met her eyes visibly widened.

It seems I surprised her..... There were a complex variety of emotions that I felt when our eyes were intertwined, and after saying something to Father she returned to her carriage immediately.

What on earth was up with that.....?

\*

Little by little, I've practiced Magic.

I'm a three-year-old child, after all. I can't carry out any exercises that require movement, anyways. To a regular child, such a life would be unbearable, but I'm a daughter who's been tenderly pampered and overprotected.

Now, the danger of being kidnapped is higher than that of being found out as a Demon.

And my kind parents, who dote on me despite my scary inhuman appearance, would have to pay off the ransom.

And so, because my physical strength in that situation is hopeless, I'll fight using magic.



Fortunately, either because of my identity as a Demon or heredity from my parents, my Magical Power seems to be quite large; depending on the method, I might be able to escape if such a situation comes to pass.

I'll become strong.

"..... Now then."

Secretly, I sneak out of bed.

I was given my own room at the age of two, and when I became three I began sleeping alone.

I feel that it's a little early for a three-year-old, but I suppose that's just the way it is in this world. If it were a regular child, they might wake up in the middle of the night without their parents and *Wa—Wa—* cry out.

But I don't cry. I don't cry in the middle of the night and rush over to Mother's room. Even if there're signs of Mother and other Maids hanging around in front of the room at midnight, I don't pay it any heed.

Weren't you the guys who told me to go bed alone?

Back to the original topic; I woke up in the middle of the night and quietly walked out of my room.

The goal is, of course, to practice magic. It seems that there're many children that can learn Holy Magic, but it's difficult for a child, as I can practice and still do badly. They seem to escape using it through other, easier Magics.

Many children who do so then lose the ability to use Holy Magic.

My hypothesis is that the source of Holy Magic is an apparition of light, and it doesn't wish to lend its power to children who hate it. But really, what did it expect?

Since it doesn't fear a Demon like me, it must be a pretty laid back Spirit. But that's only a hypothesis.

In any case, my parents would become uneasy about me losing my affinity to Holy Magic and being skilled in only Summoning Magic, which most have a bad impression of.

And so, Vio, please teach me more Holy Magic. So far, all I'm practicing is the method to increase the amount of light being emitted.

But I'm troubled that that's the case, because the danger I'm preparing for occurs while I'm young.

".....Muu."

I feel a slight sign of Vio and make a small groan.

I suppose Vio's on duty today?

Whenever I get up to use the restroom, someone comes immediately.

But only my body is that of a child, on the inside I'm a Demon. I could easily disappear into the darkness to deceive everyone's eyes.

"Yuru-sama, are you going to use the washroom?"

"..... Yes."

..... Right. I knew this would happen from the start.

I, who failed to escape, gave up on my secret training and simply did image training in bed.

Huh? Isn't this also practicing?

For practicing Summoning Magic, it's more [Studying] than practicing.

I simply copy down the simplest Summoning Magic formation written on the [Spellbook for 3-year-olds]. The writing tool: a Crayon.

“As one would expect from Yuru-ojousama, you’re quite skilled.”

“..... I-Is that so?”

If it was written so well, would it really necessary to quickly substitute the paper before Magic Power is distributed?

Actually, in the first place, why do I have to use crayons? They’re thicker than my fingers, so how would I even be able to write delicate formations?

“Because they’re sharp, feather pens are no good.”

It seems sharp..... But it’s not as sharp as a fork, you know? ..... Is that it? Is that the reason why I’m not allowed to eat with anything other than spoons...?

While being dazed at my sudden realization, Vio takes my hand and creates two beautiful circles.

“First, Ojousama should practice making a clean circle.”

I’m not even at the level of being able to write characters?

Well, it can’t be helped. It’s inevitable that I can’t draw a proper circle at 3 years old.

..... *Kusun*

“..... Well then...”

I’m having my second practice secretly at night.

Because the movements of this body is awkward and disables me from drawing magic formations well, I’ll just have to examine the magic power using the knowledge and power of a Demon.

I remember the shape of a magic formation in my head, and create it using magic power.

This practice was partially influenced by the knowledge of what I saw in the world I saw within a dream. Within the dream I remember reading a book about a witch who, using nothing to create the formation, *battabatta* — defeated her enemies.

Alright, I can do this.

“..... Umm...”

It doesn't turn out very well.

The formation is warped for some reason when I make it. When I try to repair it it grows, and all of the characters disappear. Inside of the circle, a figure of Fish-san appeared, which took my attention away from the circle, too.....

“Should I make it big...?”

On a whim, I opened the window quietly. Even when the cool wind flows into the room, there's no sign that any Maids will come rushing in.

“Mumun—!”

I fire myself up and draw a magic formation outside of the window. Its color is as dim as possible, and I create it large as to allow it to become warped to some extent. I think it was correct choice to create it outside, as it wouldn't fit in the room.

Probably because I was too fired up, the summoning formation spreads as far as the sky over the city; but it's impossible to see under the cover of the night sky.

The formation won't activate so long as I don't input any magic power, but I can manipulate it without a problem because it's created entirely out of magic.

“..... I wonder what this would summon?”

If I'm not mistaken, an insect was summoned with this formation originally.....

At that time, I noticed. Small black things had begun to spring out from the summoning formation, and began to fall onto the corner of the city.

As for the identity of the creatures..... After seeing their glossy black, rustling appearances, I close the window and sneak into bed while covering my head with a blanket.

Nn. I didn't see anything. I know nothing.

\*

On a certain night, large quantities of unidentified [Shining Black Insects] appeared, plunging local residents into confusion.

The extermination wasn't solely done by the residents; soldiers, militia, and even lecturers from the Institute of Magic worked together to carefully search and eradicate the creatures. One week later, the extermination finally concluded.

An individual from the Institute of Magic wanted to keep one of the apparitions for research, but it was demanded that the supposed-spirits would be completely eradicated, so not even one egg remained in the end.

Some of the lower-grade Fire Spirit specialists were called for the extermination, and as if they were threatened by someone, they worked desperately despite seeming frightened.

And, watching over the situation from behind a window, a little girl mutters with a slightly pensive expression:

“..... I’m sorry.”

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## Chapter 7: Making Friends

Several months have passed since that disgusting unidentified-insect case, and I'll become 4 years old in ~2-3 months.

During the time of the incident, I was kind of depressed, because I had made so many people worried... But now I'm fine. My body and heart have become considerably grown up.

For now, the use of Summoning Magic is sealed. I'll study solely Magic Formations.

Also because of the incident, Father became very busy and didn't visit for about 2 months. When Father suddenly returned, just as I was about to sate my cat-like desires, he abruptly invited me to a tea party.

A tea party? Why? Up until now I've only conversed with about 10 people — Am I a shut-in?

"There're many children around the same age as Yurushia who'll be going to the tea party."

In other words, because the fact that I've only ever met adults is worrying, this would be the perfect opportunity to introduce some friend candidates..... But how exactly do I play with children?

If only for the sake of keeping Father from losing face, I decided to attend.

For that reason, I'm now being jolted around in a carriage.

Of course, my seat is on the knee of my Father. Father, please do your best. I'll probably continue sitting on your knee until I'm about 15 years old, after all.

Oh, aside from that half-serious joke, the tea party will be taking place in the Imperial Capital 3 days from now. It'll take 2 days for us to arrive by carriage..... Why is the schedule so clogged up? What would have happened if I didn't get

on the carriage immediately?

Mother isn't coming either..... Even though I wanted to see the Capital together as a family.....

For the time being Vio and Fer have arrived instead.

As for the luggage, it was kept to a minimum. I wondered whether what I was wearing would be acceptable, but it seems that everything is prepared at the designation. Don't only the wealthy do that sort of stuff?

Father, just what exactly is your work? Nobody's ever brought up the subject, so to a 3-year-old, wouldn't it be natural to be suspicious? I wonder if he'll reveal it when I become 4?

Anyways, even if I had said that it'd take 2 days to arrive at the Imperial Capital, because we're not moving along a forest, we aren't camping out. That would be natural. Sleeping outdoors wouldn't suit Father, after all.

Taking a road through the fields, we arrive at a town just before evening breaks. Didn't we leave the house at noon? Was it really possible to arrived in the middle of the night simply due to perseverance?

And I'll only be coming back about a week from now..... I've never been separated from Mother for more than half a day, so I'm a little anxious.

But I'm enjoying myself a little, too. Today I get to sleep together with Father, after all. *Ufufu~*

\*

Because we've been passing through solely residential areas, I arrived uneventfully without being stalled by Bandits or the like.

Although, I don't think there would have been a problem if we did meet any. There're more than 10 Guards acting as our escort, as well as a Butler Ojii-chan<sup>[1]</sup>, who's been added as a new pampering personnel.

To everyone who earnestly protected a child like me, I gave my sincerest

thanks. Ojii-chan started crying when I did so, though. Why? Is he perhaps emotionally unstable? I'll pat him on the shoulder later.

Now then, it's time for the tea party.

Apparently this is the common setup, with chairs and tables being set up within the huge garden in front of a mansion, an Orchestra playing in the background, a ridiculous amount of sweets, and the tea being prepared by Maids..... There're only about 6 children attending.

Erm... Are these perhaps nobles? Is this what it's like to live as a Noble-sama? Really, Father, what's your job? Could it be that the Child of Father's company President is present?

But as expected, none of the children would be from the company. They would be the sons and daughters of frequent customers instead. Otherwise, Father wouldn't have needed to take me out on such a tight schedule.

But this..... Isn't this dangerous? My actions could affect the success of my Father.

"... F-Father?"

"It's alright, you can run along. Social position is irrelevant to this tea party."

Even if you say that..... If your child isn't sophisticated and acts freely, the President could treat it as a serious issue.

And so, I'll brilliantly take the part of a maiden who's been brought up with tender care.

"..... Umm..."

What should I do, exactly? Nobody's approaching me.

Looking at the other children, there're 2 Boys and 4 Girls. They aren't the same age, but they all seem to be older than me.

Because the boys were speaking to one another, I approach the girls. As soon



as they notice me, however, they freeze with their mouths hanging open.

Ah..... I'm being feared again.....

Not only to Spirits and Sig-kun, even those around my age are afraid..... Even I would be startled if I saw an elaborate doll during the middle of the night.

Is it even possible to exchange greetings with things already flowing so terribly?

But it could be seen as rude if I come here and simply remain silent...

“.....”

As to not be scary, at the last moment I gave a smile as fiercely as possible, pick up the hem of my bright green dress, and bow quietly. I then moved towards a slightly remote table.

“..... *Fuu...*”

So as to not let myself be heard, I breathe out a small breath.

I was extremely tense, so when I finally took a short breath the sound of the surroundings finally returned.

A Maid immediately comes and serves me tea and sweets. But, rather than being served, it's more like it's being piled in front of me into a mountain.

“Th-Thank you...”

“N-No, it's fine!”

Has my nervousness spread? I'm sorry. I wonder if it's possible to return these sweets... Eh? It's not? Perhaps if I hand it off to Fer she'd be able to finish it off?

The tea seems to be high-quality, and there isn't a difference in temperatures at all. That must have been difficult.

When I look over at the children for an instant, I see that everyone's eyes are fixed on me..... *Ku*, what a heavy atmosphere..... All of the conversations have stopped, too.

“..... U-Um...”

A pretty voice is heard. Oh? As I thought such a thing, I turned towards the voice and found a lovely little girl staring back at me.

“..... Yes?”

Thinking that she’s spoken to me, I reply slowly as to not seem intimidating.

*Uwaa*—..... This child is really tense. She seems like the type of adorable child that would be afraid of talking to people.

“..... Um, it it’s alright, would you like to pick flowers with me over there...?”

Pick flowers...? It’s not some code for going to the toilet, but rather an earnest request to pick flowers. She’s quite a gentle child, huh... I was unable to remain indifferent to her invitation, and responded.

“Yes..... Let’s go.”

“... Alright.”

The child, which was relieved by my reply, laughed. Cute~ With soft, fluffy blond hair like Mother’s, she has blue eyes like a doll — but in a different sense than my own.

When I tumbled slightly from getting off the chair, she panicked and quickly supported me.

“Thank you.”

“...Y-yes.”

Shaking her head with a *bunbun*, the girl starts walking while holding my hand. She seems like an older sister who’s taking care of a small child. Cute.

Actually, I wonder whether she noticed that I was feeble? But even if that’s the case, you don’t have to hug my arm..... I beg of you.

“I’m She..... My name is Shelly. M-may I ask for your name as well...?”

“...? I’m Yurushia.”

Why honorific language? I wonder if she’s the daughter of an extremely good home or something? Even though it’s just a conversation between children, elders shouldn’t use honorific language to those younger than themselves, so please stop.

Incidentally, in a Noble’s way of thinking, shouldn’t I present my family name? Even if I think deeply, I can’t remember my full name, though. Well, I suppose it wouldn’t really be needed in a tea party without status restrictions, huh?

The flower garden was quite close to the table.

It’s rare for a flower garden to be covered with weeds like the Alpine flowers. But as for me, I prefer these. There’re also Roses, but they’re being firmly guarded by the Maids.

“Yurushia-sama, let’s make a corolla.”

“..... Y-Yurushia is fine, you know? Shelly-sama,”

“I understand, Yurushia-sama, then please just call me Shelly as well.”

This child didn’t understand at all.....

Anything I say will be futile in this situation. Excluding Mother and Father, only strange people interact with me, so in a way I’ve become accustomed to such behaviors.

But in this case, instead of being a seriously strange person, it’s strange because she’s serious.

“... Alright, Shelly then. Is this flower fine?”

“It is so, Yurushia-sama. Pluck the flowers like this...”

Un. I understand already. I give up. Even though this was supposed to be my first time with a friend, the stress accumulated from the surrounding nobles must be high. Because of that, I can't complain about the cute child in front of me.

..... Is that really alright?

I make a Chaplet while being taught how by Shelly. Every time I did it clumsily, Shelly took my hand and made modifications.

Shelly is very friendly.

Grasping my hand, she shows a soft, warm smile.

And then a small *zaku* resounds. Looking up at the sound of grass being stepped on, we find the two boys walking towards us.

“Are they your friends, Shelly...?”

“N-no... That is...”

Certainly that wouldn't be the case. Even if Shelly looked a little bit older than me, the boys seemed to be about 6 or 7 years old.

Shelly is tense...? Are they distinguished children? Or perhaps they're simply scary? Or maybe they're idiots. Either way, they're terrible for making the cute Shelly frightened.

Thinking so, I intimidate them... By glaring. The boy who was walking in front momentarily stopped... But continued walking as if nothing happened.

*Hoho*, you've done well to withstand my eyes. You have my praise. I place the first tattered corolla that I made atop my head while thinking so.

“..... Are you Yurushia?”

The red-blond boy asks so in a pompous manner. This brat.....

“..... That is so, but—”

“I’ve heard of you..... From Uncle, that is.”

Uncle? Who’s that?

“Uncle...”

“Oi, look this way properly!”

“Ah—”

All of a sudden, my arm was caught and the face of the boy was close when I looked up.

Beautiful boy... But he’s no good. A guy who can’t treat a girl kindly is no good. It’s no use if it’s just some brat. It has to be a calm, good-looking uncle.

When I glare at the boy, he shrinks up for an instant, but then glares back immediately. But since I’m being glared at by a child, I’m not afraid. Ah, that’s right.

I plop the crown of flowers onto the boy’s head.

“You can have it.”

Wouldn’t that tattered crown be most suitable on head of the king of the mountain?

“..... You...”

“Yes?”

To the boy who seems to want to say something, I incline my head as if to say [I Don’t Understand].

Retaining his pride as a boy, he doesn’t start a fight with a little girl, releases

my hand, and turns away.

“Hey, let’s go.”

“Y-Yes.”

The other boy looks to him and I, and answers with a strange look. Just like an Yakuza boss and his henchman.

With the corolla still on his head, the boy takes a few steps away, then stops abruptly.

“I’m Rick. It’ll be my Birthday the day after tomorrow. You’ll be coming, Yurushia.”

“... Eh? Wha –”

After declaring so one-sidedly, Rick leaves in a hurry.

..... Ehh~~~~~ ?

“.....”

“... Y-Yurushia-sama.....?”

What was that child talking about? I’ll be returning home the morning of the day after tomorrow. Tomorrow’s the day that I can happily see the Imperial Capital with my Father, alongside choosing souvenirs. I intend to go home cheerfully after that.

“Yurushia-sama~.....”

So, a Birthday? The day after the tomorrow? Impossible. There’s now way I’d be able to delay my reunion with my Mother for even a day longer than scheduled. In the first place, who was that child, to act with such authority?

“Yurushia-sama!”

“Eh...? Oh, I’m sorry...”

“No, it is alright. But..... Are you alright?”

“Thank you..... Shelly is quite gentle...”

“T-Thank you very much...”

This child is really healing. I’m glad to have met her.

“Shelly... That child, who was he?”

“Eh? ..... Well... That is...”

Do you know, or...? She’s entered the state of fumbling for the right word, so he must be the child of a family with a scary occupation.....

But why would such a child know my name.....? And who’s that Uncle he mentioned? I don’t understand. I’ll have to pray that Father isn’t involved with such people.

Either way, that brat is unforgivable.

\* \* \*

Daughter of Earl Oraleine: Shellynn la Oraleine

It was the 16th day of Natsunaka when she, who had become five years old just one month prior, was called to her Father’s study and told something strange.

“The first tea party that Shelly will attend has been decided. It will take place in four days, in the garden of Kyle Palace. Other children will be attending, so approach them.”

When a noble lady turns 5, they can pay a congratulatory visit to a noble tea party; Shelly’s first tea party was already decided to be held by the sister of the Earl, Viscountess Bray.

Shelly understood that as a young girl, she couldn’t refuse the invitation... But it was quite sudden given the fact it was to take place in only four days.

Perhaps only one or two people..... That would be the number of participants given priority, most likely. Anyone else would only be arranged in case of a numerical crisis.

Her Mother would have to hurriedly order a new dress, but Shelly was anxious to voice that fact to her Father.

“Sorry, Shelly. It isn’t a tea party to be fearful of. Only children will be attending, and social positions along with family names don’t matter. You should enjoy yourself.”

There will be no relationship to status..... In other words, someone who’s attending wishes to hide their position.

And, since only children will be attending, Shelly who had just become 5 would likely be the youngest. She knew nothing of who was participating, and had no idea what to talk about either.

The Earl, which had already arrived to the above conclusions, matches his eyes with his daughter and speaks with a wry smile.

“To tell you the truth, this was requested by a friend of mine. His daughter will also be asked to participate without much notice. The child hasn’t gone outside too much due to poor health, and is younger than Shelly.”

Not even four years old yet, such a girl will be participating.

For the sake of comfort and protection, Shelly was asked to participate.

On the day of the tea party, Shelly met an angel.

An angel with sparkling golden hair and beauty that makes one think that they aren’t human.

She had an appearance that would cause one to avert their eyes and lose their breath, and elegantly bowed to others before reaching a table which no one was sitting at. When she let out a small breath, everyone around was finally capable of breathing in once again. As they remembered their work, the Maids



began to move about in a hurry.

The other young ladies sighed towards her figure which was akin to an Angel, but Shelly noticed her distressed — or perhaps lonely — appearance as she stared at the sweets in front of her without raising her hand.

Perhaps, she was the daughter of Father's friend. Who was it that determined Shelly fit to defend such a child?

When she spoke, she seemed wise enough to make one think that she wasn't young at all, and even she had the cold impression of a doll, she was a good child who properly thanked her waitress.

Her name was Yurushia. Shelly came to like her immediately.

It was as if she was charmed by a Demon.....

When they were playing together, two boys approached.

He didn't know Shelly, but Shelly knew of him. He was a boy who was known to be selfish and rude.

Even though Shelly could do nothing but be frightened, Yurushia didn't show any distress, and stared at him with her gentle golden eyes. She then easily dismissed him by giving him a small corolla.

Shelly was impressed at the figure of the girl, but at the same time she was jealous of the two boys who had locked eyes with her.

Determined, she resolved herself to ask her father to attend the boy's Birthday party.

She would repel any insects that would try to approach Yurushia.

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## Chapter 8: I was Captured

After the tea party, I'm talking about today's events while sitting on Father's knee. We're currently on a carriage heading towards one of Father's private residences.

"... Rick?"

"..... Do you know that child...?"

"Yes..... He's the son of one of my acquaintances."

*Muu*..... Is your work related to children, Father? But then why was I sent away clumsily in the past? Was he perhaps being bullied by the children with jeers of [Fuhaha, What a Bumpkin!] and the like?

"Isn't going... No good?"

"I wonder....."

Ah, no good. If Father says to go, even if I hate it, I can't bring myself to say no. His reaction, however, is one that makes me feel as though he's troubled about my opinion.

"If Yurushia doesn't want to go, then –"

"I'll go."

"Eh?!"

Even though I, with great pains, made up my mind... Why is Father so surprised?

"D-Does Yurushia... Like Rick...?"

"..... Eh?"

Why...? The flow of the conversation has become strange.

“Is that so..... Rick has...”

F-Father...? Why is there an evil smile plastered on your mouth? Vio too? Why is Father’s hand on his sword?

I don’t understand the situation, but are you planning on using it against someone? Please don’t. Although, coming from a Demon, telling him not to cut someone down isn’t very convincing.

Rather than Father, I’ll do it myself if it means keeping the blood off his hands. Umu. I would.

I’d even lift the ban on the certain-death G-rank Summoning.

Well, setting that aside, Father’s mood has become quite bad. But I still have a card up my sleeve.

Throughout all of history, Fathers have always been weak to flattery from their young daughters.

“I wish to marry Father, though?”

“... I-Is that so?”

S-So easily.....

I’ll become uneasy if your mood can be reversed so easily, Father.

When it’s time for me to be married, things might get a bit difficult..... Your appearance alone scared me, after all.

\* \* \*

“He’s not..... Coming home, huh.”

While looking outside her mansion’s window towards the dark sky, Albertine let out a small voice only audible to herself. She took care in confirming, as if to let the truth sink in.....

About a year ago, the times her husband hadn't returned home increased.

The official story was that he was out inspecting their territory, but in reality her husband was a key figure in the country, and spent most of his time in the Imperial Capital.

Naturally, his wife Albertine and two daughters lived there as well; his daughters were born there, too. There were very few people who actually took up residence in their territory's Manor.

Albertine's children recognized their secondary residence in the Imperial Capital as [Home].

Indeed, the Imperial Capital was pleasant to live in. Compared to their Manor in the territory, the Capital is gorgeous, and it was easy to know the latest trends, and get one's hands on any news.

It was a society where a ball is held somewhere almost every evening, and invitations to tea parties are common during the day.

Beautiful women of high status and wealth often invited Albertine to compete in their social events, and showered her in praise.

But to Albertine, they were her enemies.

It wasn't to the point that she'd pick a fight with them, but she ignored Young Nobles as if they didn't even exist, and did the same to Old Nobles who held power but found her husband pitiful.

Albertine was aware.

She was aware of what she [Wanted]. Just as they wanted honor, wealth, and praise... She wanted her Husband.

But her Husband hadn't returned.

She had pulled him from the woman he loved.

"A wife..."

Albertine turned to face Zumana, who was dressed in butler clothing and staring dubiously at her face.

It seemed that he was called several times, but wasn't noticed until he approached.

"I apologize. I was... A bit preoccupied."

"Are you tired...? Shall I bring you a warm drink?"

"Then perhaps..."

She was about to say wine... But she reconsidered. There was no Ball being held that night, so it would be best to refrain.

"Then..... May I have some tea?"

"Certainly."

Zumana began to roast her favorite Rose Tea from the wagon that was already prepared.

Not only the taste, but the smell was also sweet, thought Albertine.

And yet her husband wouldn't return home. .... Even though she was away from home herself due to attend soirées frequently. While thinking so, Albertine leaked a smile which held a hint of self-mockery.

"Is it not to your liking?"

"Not at all; it is delicious..... Have the children already gone to sleep?"

"Yes."

Zumana lightly responded to the topic diversion.

A long time ago the Industry of Magic had discovered Zumana soon after he enrolled. He was a commoner, but had a high amount of talent — he was a protégé of sorts.

Initially, they had only found his magic talent, but it was later discovered that he was skillful with hands, which would be useful for a Butler or a Spy.

Albertine, who had helped pay the tuition fees of those in poverty, had gained Zumana's fealty for life... And has tended to her ever since.

All without knowing that his poverty was, in the first place, her fault.....

"The young ladies took a bath after having dinner for two, afterwards —"

"Alright. It's the same as always, then..."

"Yes."

The two daughters have conversations every day with their mother, but they do not love their father. If the situation called for it, they would be able to boast of their father's good looks to some extent.

But that was only natural... Or so thought Albertine.

To he whose house and power was snatched away forcibly, even if she was able to become his husband and bare his children, Albertine would never be able to gain his heart.

He would still be affectionate to his daughters, and he would try his best to love his wife, but his attitude made it seem as though he was always a step away. Irritated with the cold attitude of her husband, Albertine would sometimes shower him with cruel words... To which he would always reply with a lonesome smile, and nothing else.

Naturally, it must have been hard for the children who grew up watching such parents.

Albertine, who could not win her husband's love, doted on her daughters — or more accurately, she spoilt them. They became selfish and greedy as a result. In the end, it could be said that they were raised off of Albertine, and gained a resemblance to something akin to her alter ego.

For how long was the Father's heart tormented by the words of his daughter?

Therefore, the husband devoting himself to [A Beloved Woman] and [An Ideal Daughter] would be natural.

But for some reason..... She could not permit it.

“Zumana. The preparations..... Are they finished?”

“Yes, madam. They were completed without a hitch.”

“Then..... In that case...”

Albertine stood up from her seat, and beckoned Zumana.

It was natural for her husband to be unable to love his daughters if they did not love him to begin with.

That being said, Albertine didn't know if he was truly the father of his daughters, as they could have belonged to the man in front of her.

\* \* \*

Two days later, the brat—..... Er... Rick(?)’s birthday party has begun.

It seems that the party was originally scheduled to take place somewhere amazing, but suddenly, they decided to borrow the house of a different Noble near the suburbs for the occasion.

Whenever I ask [Why?] to Father, he avoids the question by laughing, so I tried asking Vio. She responded with a subtle smile and gave the reason: [Because of Yuru-ojousama]. But why...?

Today, I’m clothed in a soft white dress.

Father had been invited to a different location, which seemed quite important.

Vio and Fer were made to wait in a waiting room, so although it was a long time since I used my feet, I was escorted by a young knight on foot.

I really *can* walk, you know.....

The moment I arrive at the venue, some members of the orchestra make

[Gigoo] or [Gigii] sounds with their instruments. The other children also remain at a distance. In other words, there're no particular problems.

That's right. There were no problems with the venue.

The problems which occurred with the orchestra is completely unrelated.

"Yurushia-sama!"

"Shelly."

I'm genuinely relieved. I'm really, really glad that I'll also have a friend to talk to. I'm embraced with all her might, so I almost fall over from our meeting.

"I'm glad to see you once again, Yurushia-sama. You look wonderful in that white dress; it brings the image of a Lily Fairy to mind. But, of course, a white rose also comes to mind, and with its texture, it seems as though it was made of the feathers of an angel. *Ahh*, and your beautiful golden hair would be such an Angle's lovely halo. With its charm, surely other angels would be jealous. To be able to meet Yurushia with such a charming appearance, I feel quite dizzy....."

That's likely from a lack of oxygen.

I suppose this is a Noble-sama's technique to give lavish praise, all while it's nothing but lip service..... Amazing, Shelly. Even though you're still young.

"She-Shelly as well, you look like a princess."

"Ahhh... For Yurushia to say such a thing....."

She finally seems to have calmed down. Excellent..... Shelly, who is wearing a pale pink dress, is pretty like a Princess from a picture book.

Because of Shelly's slightly eccentric behavior, attention was gathered... But no one is approaching us. With the exception of.....

"Oi, Yurushia."



I'm found by the brat which was having a pleasant conversation with a cute young boy, and he proceeds to walk over here.

"If you ended up coming, then quickly –"

"Rick-sama, happy birthday. Thank you for your invitation."

"... M-Mhm."

I interrupt his words and bow as beautifully as possible before he ends up picking a fight. Because of the knowledge I gained from the dream, I can do at least this much. I said what I did because complaints should be barred after doing so.

"Also, this is—..."

"R-Rick-sama, I am currently talking to Yurushia-sama. Come, Yurushia-sama, there's some fruit juice over there if you'd like."

"O-oi, what did you say? You're Shellynn, right? Don't just selfishly lead Yurushia around."

With my hands being grasped by two sides, a quarrel began right in front of me. Or, would this really be a quarrel? Their voices aren't loud yet, and their words aren't thorny by any means.

Shelly may have thought that I was frightened, or perhaps she simply hates Rick..... Ah, I want to go home already, but I can't.

Both of my hands are getting a little sore. I should have these two let go pretty soon. Perhaps I should complain about the pain? But if I do that, would Shelly worry about it.....?

"An argument... No good...?"

I'll appeal to the consciences of these children. I'll give off the feeling of 'Older Brother, Older Sister, Why are you fighting?' rather than a more adult-type persuasion.

"Mu—..."

"That is..."

While the two hesitate for what to say, their grip loosens slightly. But they don't let go.

Shelly seems to be holding my hand because she's working hard as the [Older Sister] of a smaller child, but why isn't Rick letting go? Perhaps he just doesn't want to lose...?

That aside, the gazes are kind of painful..... I, who is put between the guest of honor and a pretty girl, can feel all of the eyes in the surroundings concentrating on me.

"My... Rick, Shelly, this is no good right? Be gentle to the child."

From behind, I'm picked up suddenly and held by a beautiful woman with red hair.

Although she brings to mind the person who I saw in the carriage, she was someone else. If that person's hair resembled the color of a red rose, then this person's would be described as a glaring orange fire.

She gives off a different impression as well. Much like a fire, she's warm.

"Mother...?"

This is Rick's mother, then? How was Rick born from such a nice person.....? It's a mystery.

"O-Outa..."

"Yes, there."

Rick's mother closes the lips of a surprised Shelly.

She looks down at me with a splendid smile.

"Ahh, we meet at last. Yurushia..... Ria's child, right?"

"... Do you know Mother?"

"I do. I'm Elea, one of Ria's friends."

Mother..... You have a friend? I'm released by Rick and Shelly, and then captured by Elea while having such a cruel thought.

Captured..... That's right. I was definitely caught.

"Y~~~~~up, as expected, girls are great~~~"

My cuddling personnel increased by one person.

Elea had walked over to a large sofa, and sat me down on her knee. She then proceeded to stroke and fiddle with Shelly's hair with one hand, as she had sat beside us. .... What kind of night club is this?

On the opposite side, Rick sits down with an dissatisfied [Fuhn].

Erm... Elea-sama? Girls are good and all, but your son is sitting right next to you, you know?

"Rick is cute now, but in 10 years he'll become a rough man similar to his father."

There's no mercy for her 7-year-old son.

"That's fine, because resembling Father means becoming powerful."

Ohh, Rick-chan, you're unexpectedly resilient.

"Rick will become strong, huh... Hey, Yurushia, do you like strong boys?"

"Eh..."

“Ha?”

“Ah?”

Not just my voice, Rick and Shelly leak out sounds as well. I don't understand the reason for the question very well.

Could there be some hidden meaning in Elea-sama's words as expected? It's definitely like that, right? Then, if I answer incorrectly here, this situation will become entirely different, won't it?

“..... I don't know.”

“I see. You don't know yet, huh... Perhaps we should talk about it again with Ria when you become four.”

Please don't. Wouldn't that just be a little over two months? Let's change the topic.

“I'll think about it later. But isn't that a question for a woman, rather than a child?”

“It is, but just like boys, it's best to have a preference for who you'd like to be your husband.”

Ah. Only an unskillful Noble would go on without an heir.

Because I'm a child, Elea talks slowly to make it easier to understand.

“So: Yurushia, Shelly. Be sure to consult someone about it, alright? Your mothers, for example.”

“... Un.”

“..... Yes.”

So I should ask for support..... I don't think too deeply about the meanings of her words.

“That’s right, Yurushia, what does Ria call you?”

“... Err, Yuru –...”

No, wait a second. Isn’t this the perfect chance to change my [Mascot]-like nickname that I’ve been worried about for some time now?

Before, I was a baby, so I couldn’t decide for myself. But now I can. So..... Because my name is Yurushia, something like [Rushia] or [Shia] would be fine.

“Rushi...”

“Yuru, you say. Is it alright if I call you Yuru as well, then...?”

“..... Yes.”

..... My correction was too slow.

\* \* \*

A suitable place for the Birthday of a certain son.

Viscount Peron, who was said to have established relationships with high-ranking Nobles and was such a noble himself, was approached with such a request.

The Villa that Viscount Peron prepared was a personal reward given by the first in line to be King; while it was a bit much as a gift, it was a great honor nonetheless.

It was near the Capital, but it wasn’t close to the Imperial Castle. It was large, making it quiet — almost to the point of being unsuitable to live in. Its taxes weren’t anything to scoff at, either.

It couldn’t be sold because it was given as a reward, so the land was lent out to Viscount Peron’s father and grandfather, as well as other nobles in order to cover the tax.

However, talk between Nobles are carried through stewards every day, and they had begun doubting the appreciation of the Viscount’s gift, and pondered over how he was using all the money he was gaining through it.

And so, when there was a sudden modification in the venue the party would be held at, this villa was decided. The day before the party many cooks and maids arrived, alongside a large quantity of supplies. Escorting them were not only Knights and Guards, even people with the gowns of Wizards were present, making one wonder if the son of a Noble wielding considerable power was to arrive.

And on the day of the party.....

“..... I’m hungry.”

Such a voice leaks out of a young soldier, but his coworkers don’t blame him.

“The stuff those young kids are eating looks quite delicious...”

The soldiers, who had been scraped up and positioned without much warning, had only eaten a quick breakfast and weren’t permitted to rest until the party concluded.

The soldiers could only afford to make bitter smiles as they listened to the wretched music at a distance.

In the case of soldiers being stationed to guard such a large party, they’re treated to any leftover ingredients and dishes once the party ends. In the case of a party held for a child, high-quality sweets are often plentiful by the end, as the children can’t eat much.

“..... Are the maids aiming for the sweets?”

“That’s right. Because a big shot’s involved this time, the guys at the back gate said that an outrageous amount of Cake has been prepared.”

It was only a rumor, but the party was supposedly supposed to take place at night originally, so it would seem that the casual children’s party was the only thing planned in a hurry.

“Oi, you guys, pay proper attention.”

“” ... R-Right.””

The soldiers hurriedly straighten their posture after hearing a sudden voice.

The owner of the voice was a young knight with strange black hair. Because the guards were gathered in such a hurry, they were relocated from various places. As a result, most don't recognize each others' faces.

The knight gives a wry smile to the soldiers before taking out a small amount of meat and wine from a basket he was carrying.

“It's only a little, but it's for the sake of the celebration. I could only gather this much, though.....”

“T-This is for us? Thank you very much.”

The knight shows a bright smile, and lightly waves his hand to the two guards who have similar expressions.

And with that, the plan had begun quietly.

The black-haired knight walks down an empty corridor. Behind him:

“What are you doing here?”

A middle-aged Knight calls out while on patrol with two subordinate Knights. Slowly, the knight with the black hair turns to them.

“Just patrolling the area.”

“You were...? Excuse my impoliteness, but I'd like to know your full name.”

“Hm. I am...”

The black-haired knight pulls out his sword and beheads the middle-aged knight in an instant.

“My name is Zumana. Now, I must be on my way.”

After saying so, Zumana cuts the neck of one of the remaining knights before they could understand what happened. The movement was as casual as a handshake.

“... *Hii!*”

The final knight flinches and takes some distance from the knight with blood now spewing out of his neck, he then readies his sword. By the time he did so, however, Zumana had already finished his chant, and pointed the tip of his sword towards the knight.

“Lightning Spear”

*Bachi...* With the sound of something popping, a bolt of lightning is loosed through the knight’s metal armor, turning the last knight into a corpse without a word.

“Well... Shall we begin?”

\* \* \*

“..... *Uugh...*”

I cover my mouth and hold down a sudden nauseous feeling.

“Yuru...?”

“Yuru-sama?!”

Elea-sama calls out quietly, followed by Shelly.

What is this...? This feeling that’s welling up from my stomach and making my body boil?

“..... Do you feel ill?”

Because even Rick looks worried, I must look quite strange.

Suddenly, Elea-sama looks up and mutters, as if the words were leaking out.

“..... The smell of blood...?”

Indeed, it’s the smell of blood.[Agony] and[Despair] drift within the[Aroma] of



the blood, throwing my emotions into turmoil.

“..... Eleanor-sama.”

Before I knew it, Elea had whispered something into the ear of a Butler. I faintly heard what she said, but I didn't hear all of it as expected:

“... The soldiers... .. Poison...?”

*BAAN!*

The door was forcefully slammed open, and a knight alongside several other men, all covering their faces, enter the room with their weapons held at the ready.

Even a young lower-class noble like me could understand what was going on.

“The area around the mansion has already been seized. The children will be coming with us.”

Such were the words of a terrorist.

Yeah, this..... This is definitely terrorism. As for their objective, it might be kidnapping for ransom... From a black-haired knight, I definitely felt an intent like that.

“What did you say?”

Elea-sama builds up magic terribly quickly. It was the Fire Magic: Flame Orb judging by appearance..... But Elea-sama wasn't able to release it.

“Using Magic here... Wouldn't that hit the children?”

So said a masked knight, who held the arm of a frightened boy.

“... *Ku...*”

In vexation, Elea stands still... But she doesn't dispel the Fire Magic.

The way things are going, this doesn't look good.

Elea is at a stalemate against the terrorists who're holding hostages, and Shelly, Rick, and the other children have all become rigid and blue-faced.

If someone panics, it's possible that they'll be hurt by the terrorists as an example. At worst, they could even be killed.

The children's minds are at the breaking point, and the only thing keeping them from crossing over into complete panic is Elea's presence it seems.

And so, if Elea dispels her magic, the children will most likely breach that breaking point.

The Butlers and Maids understand all of the above, so they don't make a move.

Even with just a glance..... I can understand that it's only a matter of time before panic breaks loose.

I could try to make a plan, but it would be ineffective because of their supposed purpose; that is, to abduct children.

As a 4-year-old, it should be impossible to stop them.

I could make full use of my powers as a Demon... But even if the only demerit is being viewed as a Demon, I don't want to reveal my true nature..... I'm sorry.

So, their purpose will be accomplished... But the real questions are: how many will be taken, and who will be taken?

The first to be taken will probably be Rick. He's the most important child at the party, and I can't help but think that the large number of guards were provided for him.

And so, the best plan is to surrender Rick and leave. Yep. It's that simple.

However, because this is such a large-scale event, after they've taken him they might just kidnap as many children as possible.

The number of children rivals the number of terrorists, so taking too many hostages would interfere with the escape, however.

Therefore, at most, they'll take about five people total.

It can be assumed that even if as few as 3-4 people are taken they will have achieved their purpose, so the problem doesn't lie with those that are taken, but rather those left behind.

To the terrorists, there isn't much point in keeping them alive — especially in the case of adults.

It's risky to stay, and it's equally risky to remain. How troublesome.

Other lives are relatively trivial, but Elea-sama is a friend of Mother, so it would be unpleasant for her to die — even if it would result in a good scent. And as a worst case scenario, I'd like the cute Shelly to live even if she's the only one among us to do so.

To me who is a Demon with a strange Human mind, I decide to take an unexpected action.

There's no helping it..... Although it's out of character, I'll go on [The Stage].

“... Elea-sama, lower your hand.”

As quietly as possible, I reach up and touch Elea-sama's hand..... And speak clearly.

“Y-Yuru...?”

Slowly, I silently slip off of the couch..... And with a dignified expression, I move towards the terrorists.

No one had moved at first, but suddenly the smallest girl changed that. The terrorists turn their eyes towards me in alarm.

“Please release the people here.”

By turning off my emotions as much as possible and staring with calm, quiet eyes, I make maximum use of my inhuman appearance, causing those who were about to say something shrink up.

*Fufu*, there’re times when my scary appearance comes in handy after all.

Still, I have to finish it quickly before they recover. To start with, this isn’t some [Coercion] ability that would force them to release everyone unconditionally.

“Instead, take me.”

I hear someone say something from behind, but it’s practically inaudible, so I don’t worry about it.

The eyes of the terrorists swim. Only the leader can make the decision.

I smile at the masked knight with black hair as gently as possible. I then start walking before their sanity returns. Don’t provoke him..... *Slowly...*

If I can walk past them to the door without any of them touching me, I’ll have completed more than half of my objective.

If I can make it to the hallway, they’ll have no choice but to capture me... Supposedly.

So, my gamble is for them to grieve over the sight of my appearance until then. I'm unsure if it will be a success even now.

If it does work, then so long as I'm the only one who's taken, I can unseal the sure-death Rank G avalanche — albeit reluctantly.

Slowly, I walk past the side of the leader, who has a mysterious expression on his face. Just a bit more... Just a little more...

“Not just Yuru, take me as well!”

Eh.....? Elea-sama?

“I’ll also go with Yuru-sama!”

Shelly too!

“M-Me as well!”

Rick..... No, you can do whatever you want.

Aa~a..... Jeez..... Why did it turn out like this.....?

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Author’s Note:

By the way, Yurushia’s voice was heard like this:

“Pweez we-leez da peepo heaw.”

“In-shted, taykh me.”

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## Chapter 9: I Became a Saint

In the end, four people were taken. We children were put into a basement of sorts, but Elea was taken elsewhere.

In other words, there weren't any particular problems. In the large basement there're dozens of... Commoners? ...Well, anyways, since other children were captured my plan was already done for.

But I'm calm. My heart is already satisfied.

"..... Yuru-sama..."

Shelly's grasping onto my dress out of anxiety. .... Why are you over here?

"..... Fuun."

Even though he's acting tough, Rick's legs are shaking like a newborn fawn. *Fufufu*. Rick, you... Why're you sticking so closely to young ladies who're only 7 and 4 years old?

It's times like these that I remember that I'm a Demon.

The soul of a Demon, and the spirit of a Human. The spirit and heart are roughly the same, but there's a slight difference.

Because the [Me] from that world of dreams passed on their memories, I've come to the understanding that their spiritual strength was high.

Of course, thinking about it like that only makes me think that this situation is all the more frightening.

Demons are to live in the Spirit World. Living here, my Spirit is being worn down constantly, and for my Demon soul to grow properly I require the souls of others.

And now, before my eyes, are a number of injured children.

Not given enough food, the children don't even have the power to cry. Their eyes are vacant and without hope, perhaps due to assault. Without treatment, these children will most likely die.

In front of these children, I feel neither [Anger] nor [Pity].

I..... Instead, I have a profound [Affection] towards the children.

..... Hey, isn't that funny?

I'm not feeling compassionate, despite it sounding that way. Facing the suffering and wounded children, I find beauty and satisfaction... Just what kind of pervert...?

..... Eh?

"..... That child....."

"... Yuru-sama.....?"

My eyes are drawn to a child who lays unmoving amongst several children.

"That child..... Wishes to die..."

Just as those words leave my mouth, my feet begin to walk.

Probably because I forgot to give my usual smile, the wounded children clear my path out of[Fear].

When I approach, the children separate from the child out of fright. To the [Child Who Wishes to Die] I quietly approach and bend down on one knee.

"You..... Is it hard to live?"

There are signs of breath being held all around with my words.

The child looks at me..... And leaks out words which becomes nothing but a

hoarse *HyyuHyyu*. But their vacant eyes say: "I want an end to this suffering.....  
I wish to be at peace..."

"..... That's no good."

Touching the child's cheek softly, I let out those cold words.

At the same time, they flow into me.....

The child's [Pain] and [Despair] satisfies my heart.

Aah..... Human beings are such lovely creatures.

Such a small child... For such a small body and spirit to have such [Sweet Nectar].

"Even if it's painful, you must live..... That is the fate of humanity."

They must live their short lives as best they can. They will suffer and grieve...  
But they must still live.

Wishing to die so easily..... As a [Demon] I will not permit it.

"...[Let there be Light]..."

A dazzling light is emitted with me at the center, and wraps gently around the child.

My [Feelings] become the power of the spell, and healing magic is sent out.

At that time... I noticed.

For the first time, I realized why I could only use Magic directly, and couldn't use ordinary magic.



It should have been obvious..... It's because the usage of Magic between Demons and Humans is different.

If I was [There] I would be fine.

“..... Life is a blessing to all!”

Now, let my curse be born.

A curse warped into a blessing. May your life be filled with pain.....

With that, I have the feeling that my other spirit was released at last.

With my [Spirit]unleashed, the entire basement was filled with light. This is the magic of a Demon, embodying the Spirit of Light which lacks a will and taking the form of an infinite host of [Angels].

When the light embodying the form of feathers heals all the children the remnants of light vanish, much like white snow melting away.....

“ .....

I really did it..... I went too far. ....

I need to reflect on my behavior.

A heavy silence descends upon the room. When I peeped to the side, I found that all of the children's eyes were excellently concentrated.

They're either stupefied, dumbfounded, or both.

W-Well. What to do...?

While I'm thinking about that, the child who was half-dead... Now a pretty

boy, stares at me with red cheeks and kneels in place quietly.

“... Thank you..... Saint-sama.....”

..... Eh?

The voices of other children reach my ears, and many of them begin to kneel one after another. They then bring their hands together and start praying to me.

..... Ehhhhhhhhhh? Me, a Saint-sama..... But..... I’m a Demon?

\* \* \*

“Albertine..... So it was you...”

A couple of walls further away, there was a large room with only unrefined pillars as its décor. This was where Eleanor found herself confronted by Albertine.

“That’s correct. Eleanor-sama, it’s been a long time... Even though it’s not to the extent that it bears mention.”

The two had been classmates in the Industry of Magic, neither of which had friends. They were famous as the [Two Beautiful Flowers of the Academy], so their faces and names were well known.

However, when the two met again their positions were different.

Albertine tried all she could to obtain what she wanted, but couldn’t succeed.

Eleanor demanded nothing, but obtained everything she wished.

She wanted it all.

A position worthy of honor and praise..... And the heart of the man she loved.

“Albertine... Why have you done such a thing...?”

“..... You wouldn’t be able to understand.”

Albertine lowered her eyes after letting out such words..... But she then adjusted her sight, and returned to her original gaze of brilliant arrogance.

“Well..... I’ll teach you a little. I’ll be taking everything away from you. But of course, I don’t need anything sullied with your hands. After taking everything I desire, I’ll pass the rest of the stage to your husband.”

Noticing what she meant, Eleanor’s eyes opened wide.

“..... My God... You *know* that it’s your fault from the beginning, don’t you?!”

“Certainly not..... Because he won’t look at me if I don’t do such a thing, I must.....”

“..... You...”

Eleanor remained stunned while Albertine gave a command to one of her subordinates. She then started moving to another room.

“Wait, Albertine!”

“Now then. Eleanor-sama. I’ll show you a world in which all of that is special to you is broken.”

“Albertine—!”

Listening to her voice as she moves away, Albertine’s heart was healed ever so slightly.

However.....

It still wasn’t enough.

“Marquis Brunnov, how are the preparations...?”

Moving back to the depths of the basement, Albertine called out to a nobleman who worked as a scholar and knight; a noble with delicate features whose age was in his mid-30’s.

“Your appearance is beautiful as always, Albertine-sama. And, of course, the preparations have been finished.”

After saying such, Marquis Brunnow kissed the back of Albertine’s hand gently.

It would be hard to tell based off of his appearance, but Marquis Brunnow was a General of the Kingdom’s military — one of the best, who personally taken command when a war started with a neighboring country.

“And as for its finished condition?”

“Right this way.”

Marquis Brunnow took Albertine’s hand, and when she shifted her gaze she saw a large Summoning Magic formation capable of dwarfing an entire mansion.

Looking there, Albertine knew.

“As you know, its size is approximately equal to the case four years ago. With the formation provided by Albertine-sama, we can summon a Greater Demon. Consecutive summoning will be possible so long as the number of bodies provided are adequate.”

Moreover, it would work so long as Magic Power was fueled by the practitioner..... In other words, a strong individual could be drawn out if a large amount of Magic Power was forced through. .... It was a great improvement compared to the previous formation.

“Then, how will we find an individual superior to the Demon...?”

The Marquis made a sad, difficult face in response to Albertine’s question.

In terms of war potential, several hundred Greater Demons were equivalent

to tens of thousands of soldiers.

However, even in the neighboring countries individuals capable of summoning Greater Demons were scarce — they'd need to be individuals capable of calling upon Intermediate Spirits at minimum. Furthermore, even then profitable results weren't guaranteed.

From the start this experiment was put in place to summon an individual higher than a Greater Demon. Thus, they had intentionally prepared 50 children as sacrifices, even if it would only summon one creature.

A [Greater Spirit] equal in power to a natural disaster, a Demon at the top of its species..... An [Arch-demon].

When such a being manifests in the world, it was said to appear with a human figure in old nobles' clothing, cloaked in a sinister atmosphere.

"It's displeasing..... But if we can call upon that....."

"Yes..... I can remember it all too well."

The Demon Summoning case that had taken place four years ago.

At that time, Marquis Brunnow was a commanding Officer for their subjugation. Albertine had also participated as an observer of the Institute of Magic.

These two people witnessed the presence of *that*.

Possessing a beauty like that of a messenger of the Gods, it was a lovely golden Cat.....

With golden bat-like wings on its back, it was a special high ranking Demon... The [Golden Beast].....

Only a very small number of people had noticed something hidden within its small body.

A terrifying amount of Magic Power was stored.....

It was a beautiful golden Demon which couldn't even be compared to the likes of Greater Demons.

It was announced by the Church that it no longer existed on this world, but these two people were fascinated by its beauty; so much so that they still strongly hope that it could materialize once again.

They were charmed by the Demon, and gained faith.....

“..... For the time being, shall we attempt to test it and summon a Greater Demon, then adjust it over a year to call upon that individual...? If it's that, then a number of sacrifices will be required.”

“That is so, isn't it.....”

Albertine thought for a moment.

The reason she had detained Eleanor was because she didn't wish to let her, who can use Magic, disturb the last stage of the experiment.

Her son... Luderick. She wanted to sacrifice him in front of her if possible.

“One child..... There's only one child with a potent amount of Magic Power running in their [blood]. I wonder if that child could complete the sacrifice alone...”

\*

“That girl..... Is it?”

Zumana asked Albertine again unintentionally after he heard that she intended for the child to be the first to be sacrificed for a Trial Experiment.

“I’m sorry...”

“No, it is alright. But it is certainly earlier than expected...”

Across the room where the children were confined, Albertine gave a composed nod.

The original plan was to have Luderick possessed by a lower ranked Demon. At best, the Demon would be able to mimic Luderick as much as possible, as to crush the spirit of Albertine’s opponent.

And so, it wasn’t at all necessary to conduct a trial using that girl with the same [Blood] as a sacrifice.

“I want to know how strong a Demon will be summoned using an individual with strong [Blood]..... That is all.”

“... Yes.”

But that’s probably not the only reason..... Or so thought Zumana.

After her conversation with Eleanor, Albertine was lacking peace of mind.

To the child of the woman loved by her husband, a child whose Father would throw everything away for his daughter.

To the child who was loved by everyone around them, Zumana understood that Albertine would harbor complicated feelings.

The presence of such a child disturbed Albertine’s peace of mind, and caused her to fear them subconsciously.....

That little girl was mysterious, even to Zumana.

In front of thieves announcing their objective of kidnapping, she had remained unfrightened despite being so young. Then, in a dignified manner, she had demanded..... No, she had negotiated.

Zumana had thought that her [Blood] must have been strong when he witnessed such a thing. Even with children like Luderick around, Zumana had still thought that her [Blood] was particularly strong.

Furthermore..... She had been so beautiful it was intimidating.

It was to the extent that it was hard to imagine she was even human. Despite their aim, some of the Knights who assisted in the raid had knelt out of fascination.

For Zumana, however, it didn't matter.

Albertine is the master of Zumana, and so her word is absolute.

Zumana loved Albertine, and Albertine alone.....

Not only her beauty, but her pride and and strength as well..... She occasionally shows a lonely expression..... He loved her weakness as well.

Even after he knew that Albertine was the one who caused the decline of his household.....

\*

“..... This is...?”

Albertine's eyes are opened wide when she approaches the room confining the children.

It was a strange sight.

Dazzling light leaked from the gap in the closed door. The light became [Feathers] as it danced towards the floor, only to vanish once it reached the ground.

“How is this.....”

That [Light] was recognized by Albertine.

It was Holy Magic. It was the Holy Light Magic showed only once by the Pope in the Imperial Capital.



It was a [Blessing] that Priests used to grant healing, divine protection, and ward off evil.

The Pope had showed the spell [Group Blessing], which grants the spell's effects for multiple people. As for the number of people who could use such a spell, there would only be ten-odd people on the continent.

“Zumana, the key!”

Impatiently unlocking the door, Albertine entered the room and witnessed not the scene of hurt and frightened children; children who had abandoned all hope. Instead, she sees the figure of a [Saint] in the form of a little girl granting healing to the children, and prayed to in return.

\* \* \*

Ahh~ what a surprise.

Of course I would be surprised when a beautiful woman with red hair breaks into the room all of a sudden. She had an amazingly scary face as she caught my arm and attempted to rush out of the room, but... Not only Shelly and Rick, all of the children insisted on accompanying me. Really terrifying.

Geez..... Even though I went out of my way and healed them so that they'd be hurt again.

When I soothed them and managed to get out of the room I heard sobbing and sorrowful cries coming from the room. What should be done about this situation...?

I was labeled as [Saint-sama] by the children..... It's very embarrassing.

“Hurry up and walk.”

“Ye—s.”

Painful, painful! My arm was grasped tightly when I answered in a non-serious manner. That's right. A normal child should be frightened in this situation,

wouldn't they?

While imitating Shelly's frightened attitude, I follow behind the beautiful woman. From the man who's also walking with us, I can continuously feel a dubious gaze.

I should really behave more like a human from now on...

After a short walk down a corridor, we reach a room that's even larger than the last one.

What's with the construction techniques in this world? Tattered columns scattered around like this makes me think that the ceiling will simply collapse in the near future...

"You..... Are you Riasteia's child...?"

"..... Yup."

Is this person a friend of Mother's too? U~mm..... No, it's slightly different I think. When she said Mother's name, I saw a great deal of feelings swirling about.

She's calmed down from a while ago, but she's still irritated.

All of a sudden, the beautiful woman crouches before me and stares into my eyes with a forced [Smile] directed at me. It's scary.

"You..... What's your name?"

"... Yuurushia."

"I see..... Can you use Holy Magic...?"

"... Un."

"Where did you learn that magic from a while ago...?"

".....?」

The Magic from a while ago...? It's just the Holy Magic Vio taught me, so it's

not all that special. Was using that Magic in such a showy way uncommon...?

When I incline my head with an “I’m a child, I don’t understand” look. The beautiful woman sighs.

“..... Well, it’s alright. I’ll teach you what’s going to happen to you in a little while, Yurushia...”

“Un...”

“I had intended to have you possessed by a Demon, but if you can use Holy Magic... I’m considering doing an experiment.”

“..... Un?”

“First, shall we cut off your arm with a knife? After that, I’ll have you cure yourself, alright?”

..... Eh?

「After that we’ll try the feet. If you don’t heal quickly, you’ll bleed out, so do your best. Afterwards, should we see how many needles can be stuck into you...? Even if it’s cured, because the needles will be embedded, it’ll remain painful I think.」

Umm.....

“If you run out of Magic, letting you be possessed by a Lower Demon would be fine, right? You won’t be able to resist as your hands and feet become warped and hair and scales grow out.”

While the beautiful woman says such unpleasant things, her heart seems to go into a strange direction as she gently touches my cheek with a flushed face.

All the while she has a lonesome gaze.

“Your eyes... How beautiful. They look just like your Father’s..... I fell in love... With those eyes. When I was a child..... I fell in love the first time we met. .... I loved him... I still do, but... I’ve only said unpleasant things. I thought..... I thought that if I waited, he would eventually be mine. That would have been the best for both our families..... But next to that man..... There was always your Mother.....”

Her white fingers grasp my neck gently.

“..... That woman... I hated her. I didn’t even want to look at her. .... At the Institute... I had witnessed all of her faults..... He was mine, until his elder brother got in the way... We had cooperated at first..... But so long as there’re obstructions, that man’s heart won’t be mine..... So you... If *you* disappear.....”

This seems like the story of “A Girl who can’t be honest with the one she loves” .....

I don’t think she wanted to tell me this story, either. Most likely, she’s only telling me because I’m the child of a woman she hates — furthermore, one she plans to kill..... But I want to speak.

Was there anyone of the same sex that this person could consult...? If they just had someone to listen to..... Then maybe she could be a bit more honest.....

“.....?”

While she tightens her grip around my neck..... I touch her trembling hands and smile calmly.

I see her eyes shake for a moment, and even though she hadn't seemed to notice them, I wiped the tears rolling down her face with my fingers.

"..... What... Are....."

Confusion floats within her eyes as she and I gaze at one another. Her harsh glance withers away little by little as I clean off the tears from her cheeks..... Finally, I gently wrap my hands around her.

The Hearts of Humanity are..... Fragile... Sorrowful..... And Beautiful.

For such deep affection to turn into pain and hatred... I hold her in my arms gently, gently.

Those feelings... They're lovely.....

These feelings..... Drive me mad.

"..... Noddy girl."

"..... Eh...?"

This Demon is starved for love.

And so..... She's a bad person..... For hiding such sweet nectar.....

"..... Thank you for the meal."

*Gokin.....*

To her neck, I kindly... Gently broke it.

## Chapter 10: The Demon's Blessing

"Albertine-samaaaaaa!"

Zumana couldn't believe what was happening.

His intense feelings for Albertine hit him as the sacrifice, a child, with a smile filled with compassion...

Snapped his beloved's neck.

Zumana's thoughts went blank, then he was quickly filled with anger and hatred, but, the moment he reached to take out his sword, he sensed an ominous [Feeling].

The little girl's adorable eyes... the white parts were eroding.

A ruby-like glow appeared around her pale gold pupils.

Behind her cherry-colored lips, a beautiful ruby red fang showed.

From the adorable little girl spilled a violent aura of [Intimidation] and [Presence]. The little girl pierced the throat of the still warm Albertine with her fangs. Zumana was frozen still.

Blood shot out from her throat...

As if she expected it, Albertine's blood flowed into the little girl's mouth without spilling a drop.

"... A vampire...?"

A legendary evil monster.

In the past, a country was filled with vampires and fell to ruin. Recently, just a single vampire had appeared in a neighboring country, causing a massive amount of people to flee.

This thing in front of him, it was such an evil existence...?

Perhaps because she heard the Zumana's voice, the little girl, let go of the throat to breathe, murmuring curiously while looking in his eyes:

"... A vampire...?"

The little girl said in a different tone, before patting her belly and *kepu* giving a cute burp.

Zumana shivered at the sight.

Killing people, drinking blood as a [Meal] ...

In her eyes which looked at Zumana, he was not reflected as an [Enemy], not even as a [Human]. He was only seen as food, he realized.

"..."

Clenching his teeth to not moan aloud, Zumana began running from the [Monster].

To avenge the enemy of the one he loved, risking his life for a sure kill, He called for reinforcements.

"Marquis Brunnow-sama, have the summoners start the ritual!"

Marquis Brunnow came rushing in at the sudden call.

However, he wasn't a man to fall into a confused panic. He had also felt the presence of a [Monster].

“Zumana-kun, what is it? This pressure is no joke.”

“It’s probably... a vampire. It’s pretty strong, too...”

“What... happened to Albertine-sama!?”

“Albertine-sama was...”

Brunnow understood Zumana’s indescribably agonized face. He clenched his fist unconsciously.

Brunnow would honor her nobility and will, a beautiful rose had been broken, his hatred solidified in his heart.

“...Can we win even if we use a demon...?”

“...Perhaps”

“...All right. Knights and soldiers! Keep your distance from the vampire! Zumana-kun, remember it be controlled only with a sacrifice”

“It has... intelligence”

Seeing Zumana had a decisive look on his face; Marquis Brunnow also made his resolve.

“He... here it comes!”

The voices of the soldiers echoed in the basement.

The voices sounded confused. The target, even with that monstrous aura, was an adorable little girl, which caused them pause.

If they hadn’t heard it was a vampire, they’d even hesitate to pull out a weapon.

“Go! Don’t let it get too close!”



The commanding knight yelled. The soldiers ran, wielding their swords and spears.

They could not hesitate at its adorable appearance.

‘It can’t be person, it has those crimson eyes and fangs... her face must be an illusion’ to follow their orders, they stopped their thoughts.

With a thin smile, the little girl punched a sharp spear and pushed her finger forward, causing the soldier to be slammed into a pillar in a bloody mess of meat.

A knight, had his blade stopped by its fingertips, and, with a pat on his shoulder, had the left side of his body crushed.

Like a little toddler conducting an orchestra, the little girl waved her hands around, for every swing, bodies were torn, threaded, or crushed entirely... As if played with by the hands and feet of an invisible giant, soldiers and knights continue to be killed.

Flowers of blood sprouted and bloomed on the ceiling, the floor became a sea of blood.

However, those that were quickly killed, those were the lucky ones.

“.....O...Oh...”

With a snap, the flame spear the commander was saving as a trump card was repelled, a magic barrier forming with just her raised hand. The knight commander collapsed out of despair and fear.

Seeing the commander’s face wet with tears, crying for her life, the beautiful monster put on a gentle smile as it sipped the blood of the woman while she still lived.

“...U...Aaaaaaaahhh?!”

The two remaining knights forgot their pride, dropped their weapons and ran.

“Hiiii!”

The two knights who fled from the summoning team fell, their necks slashed in an instant by Zumana.

“Zumana-kun, you...”

“Marquis-sama, we have to sacrifice soon”. “Hurry...”

The casters reacted to his voice.

‘If we try to escape, we will be killed’... the thought caused the summoning team to desperately pour magic into the ritual.

And then,

For a split second... it felt like the light from the lamps was overtaken by darkness.

Out of the summoning formation, figures spring out, three Greater Demons.

One of them felt more otherworldly and undoubtedly evil.

That demon was slightly larger than the other two Greater Demons; it had a shape closer to that of a human than the monkey-type.

It wore armor made of bones and bodies, on its back were the black wings of a bird of prey.

While still being a Greater Demon, it appeared to clearly be an existence beyond.

“Demons, take these sacrifi... Gu~o!”

Before the summoning leader could finish speaking, the summoners were instantly massacred; further, the demons ate the knight corpses, a fee for their manifestation.

“Monsters... the summoned demons just arbitrarily...”

Marquis Brunnow stuttered out in shock. While he was a great mage in his own right, he had only barely escaped the demon’s claw due to its starting distance from him.

The demon noticed that the Marquis dodged, looked with intelligent eyes towards him, and said in a low voice:

“[The bodies have been taken, but they were not enough. I wonder if you’ll be able to form a contract...]”

The demon said with a juvenile grin on its face.

Marquis Brunnow understood what it meant and knew his folly.

Demon summoning... not to mention Greater Demon summoning, generally has been considered taboo.

Summoning lesser demons was one of the most useful magics for a mage to know for travel with small groups because it was simple. They were even easier to call on than spirits.

Why is it then, that summoning them is taboo...?

It’s not too hard a question: in the past, a Greater Demon that had been summoned rampaged without the caster being able to control them, it destroyed the castle, and the town had such a large number of victims that it is used as an example for the law.

For this reason, why had Marquis Brunnow prepared only this amount of sacrifices?

He was sure the Greater Demon would be satisfied, regardless of its price it named. He believed that he had more than enough, for stronger demons which asked for more sacrifices.

He was wrong about the demon's power.

He had mistaken his own talent.

He had messed up. As a result, he would not only lose his life: he'd unleashed the demon.

"If you need a sacrifice, take me!"

Looking at the source of the voice, Marquis Brunnow sees Zumana standing there, a face full of conviction.

"Take me dark one, and accept my command! If you need more sacrifices, there are about 50 children in other rooms. With this, as our contract, serve Marquis Brunnow-sama"

"[...tsk]"

The demon clicked his tongue and looked at Zumana.

When acting without permission, a summoned creature could still be dealt with. To quickly negotiate with the demon and form a [Contract], Zumana made the right choice.

"[So... my instructions...?]"

"Defeat our enemy"

"[... Understood]"

The next moment, the demon had torn off Zumana's head and eaten it, the

contract with him sealed.

Unceremoniously, Zumana's soul had been eaten by the devil and extinguished.

"[... The enemy...]"

As if waiting for the contract to be completed, unfelt until now in the basement, a dauntlessly vast magical energy spread.

"...What?"

*Clap Clap Clap.....* by the exit, applause could be heard, the demon saw a cute little girl within.

\* \* \*

I, I'm sorry.... I've done it now.

I couldn't endure so much of that love. That much put me on the brink...

What I did, I remember properly.

It was so [Delicious] that I couldn't stop myself, then, before I knew it, all the creatures I could see were mashed and twisted.

Beauty-san, I'm sorry. It was really delicious.

Love, and anger, and hatred, and sadness... aged into [Desire]. So far, it was the most delicious thing I've ever tasted.

It wasn't that I wanted the [Blood] or [Meat] of the human. Dissolved in a human's body was the sweet [Karma], the scrumptious [Soul]

Although demons are said to prefer innocent souls... that taste is for lesser demons. A [soul] with profound [Karma] is... enchanting, with a rich aroma around it.

As for why I drank all the blood... I got a bit riled up.

I need to calm down...

But, I surprised myself.

I didn't expect not to feel anything... despite killing people.

Having a [Human Heart] was my goal. But once again I noticed.

I can't distinguish between the [Value] of mortal lives... I just can't understand the difference.

Do I like them or not?

How good they taste is all the difference I can tell.

"...Looks like I'm really a demon..."

It's too late now, though.

"Well, then... what are you people getting up to?"

I was watching when I ate the souls of those pitiful knights, so I know a little...

The runaway-knight-sans have been slashed. I should talk to the bro or geezer, but if I just went over there, [Read the air] or something would likely be said to me.

In the other room is some really big magic... I wonder if it's summoning magic. The mages are pouring in [Un-typed] magic.

Oh, looks like something was summoned.

The large summoning summoned three... wait are those demons?

That's quite a big demon, though. Were there any demons like that in the

Demon World? Well, the Demon World is vast, so there are demon types I don't recognize... huh?

That child in the middle... doesn't it look familiar?

... I can't remember. In the other room, before I knew it, negotiations had begun.

I see. The negotiation technique of a demon: I'll study it well. But... making yourself a sacrifice, huh. Amazing isn't he... that person. I shouldn't have gotten the souls of the knights from before without making a contract.

Oh well, pardon me.

Wonder if they'll be done talking soon?

While I was applauding the [Intimidation], at last I think I remembered who it was.

"...You are..."

The demon growls at me. Huh? Do we know each other?

"D-demon! Kill that vampire!"

...I was called that again.

What is this vampire thing... I'll have someone teach me more when I get back to the Demon World.

"[Gu~oga~aaaaaaaaaaaaaa]"

The two smaller demons came towards me.

Well, of course when compared to me those two are suuuper large.

Since they're coming so slowly, I have some leeway.

Although I also have the power of a demon, I don't know how much of my power can be accessed.

Pouring demonic magic into my fingertips, I to manifest the [Crimson Claws] of my original body.

*Poof...*

"...Eeeh?"

They disappeared before my claw dissected them...? Black haze from the two smaller demons drifts into me, it tastes like... [Mini Monkey]? My snack food.

Wait just a second...

That [Mini Monkey] is summoned into the material world and it becomes this? So that one over there is that child...

"Pardon me... did you, by chance, run away from me, rather large Monkey-san?"

Oh, looks like I was right. Monkey-san is making a frightened face.

"[...Guh—]"

"...Wha..."

The human geezer that was next to it, with a look of disbelief, looks between me and Monkey-san.

Ah, sorry... Monkey-san... I crushed your pride after such great pains were taken to summon you.



“[Guga~a~aaaaaaa!]

Roaring suddenly, Monkey-san creates dozens of [Fire Balls]

“...Eeh?”

He shoots out the balls of fire, but naturally, my hand raises and the flames are stopped by a magic barrier. Monkey-san, what are you doing?

Wait, that’s a bit much. Looking so confused after the shot failed, hey... Stop...

“[Cut it out!]

My [Voice] becomes the physical magic [Yell], Monkey-san is blown to the other side of the room, it sunk into a wall.

Really...

“What do you think will happen if I get this dress that father gave me dirty?”

Neither the geezer nor Monkey-san understands my complaint. Why is that?

And then,

“You there... why did you use magic like a human would?”

I really don’t get it.

A demon is made out of [Magic], every action they make is charged with magical power and turns into [Magic].

Holding up your hand makes a magic barrier, a shove forward from the hand becomes a magic shock wave, a demon really doesn’t need to rely on fire and wind like a human.

“Why are you using [Pure] demon magic power on the [Degraded] magic of humans until this point?”

It's like a fighting master fighting with a squeaky hammer... strange comparison, sorry.

'So you can't bring out enough [Pure Magic]?' ... Looking into its eyes, I can see it think I'm looking down on it. He's physically looking down on me, though.

"...W, why... a...vampire..."

The geezer still doesn't understand, I give him a cold gaze, and put on a smile.

"[Because... I'm a demon, you know?]"

*Whoosh*

Pushing aside my golden hair, five-meter long bat wings of the same color spread behind me.

I flap the huge, slender wings and slowly float into the air, from above, putting on a cold voice I say to the geezer and the monkey getting back up to attack me:

"...You're getting on my nerves."

With a swing of a single wing, the monkey, without even a scream, is erased from this world: eaten by me.

Even I didn't think I could sound so cold. Even though I'm just three-year-old...

Well then... now for the rest.

"...A...ah...aaaaaaaaah!"

I can't tell what he's saying; the geezer is kneeling and looking up at me.

...Hmm? There's something strange about this person...? I can feel that he's afraid of me, but geezer isn't feeling [Despair].

What is it? This feeling.

It's like that [Intoxicated Feeling] I felt from the children I healed before, with a [Rough] fragrance.

But... Now I'm a bit curious about it.

"Come."

What I say that with a calm expression, he crawls closer to me with a strange expression. How gross. Scary.

...Is he a masochist, I wonder?

Well, curiosity never killed any cats.

"...Thank you for the meal"



## Chapter 11: I've Become a Four-Year-Old

After my snack, feeling a bit drunk, I followed Eleanor-sama's scent to join up with her.

"... Over there, they've been doing something scary"

*beso beso* While crying, I hugged Eleanor-sama, Eleanor-sama let me purr on her lap,

"You know, we left lots of markers when we came here. Soon my husband and Folt-sama will be here to save us, let's wait together."

She said to me.

I must seem super sly for a three-year-old. Actually I'm not acting... I was just crying from being drunk.

I'm a bit [Inebriated] from having too much to drink while I was in cat form, my bad...

And then, in less than half a day, Father came to help along with hundreds of knights.

Kyaa, so cool. Where is Eleanor-sama's husband? Dunno. Is Father a soldier? At last, the handsome Father I wanted to see has secured me. My breathing was constricted from being Squeeeezed by his hug; I completely missed what he said.

Once I calmed down, I gave thanks in my heart to the huge amount of people for saving me, sorry for making you worried.

Incidentally, when I woke up the next day... I had a hangover. No more food in the near future.

\* \* \*

In the surroundings of the Royal Capital an incident occurred: a mass kidnapping of children, high treason, and, worst of all, another demon summoning incident, with every suspect killed by the summoned demon.

Out of the kidnapped children, the locals and travelers that had been taken recently were identified and investigated, so most of them have been safely returned.

The ringleader, Marquis Brunnnow was confirmed dead, after which his family fell into ruin. Several other noble families also disappeared from the Holy Kingdom.

A witnessed collaborator in the demon summoning, The Duchess of Koeru, Albertine, had also been confirmed dead. While not the head of the family, high treason was not a light crime. Inside information about the Duke, a leading figure of the nation, was withheld, but the Koeru Dukedom is considered de facto crushed.

At the same time, the second prince who had left the royal family, releasing his right to the throne, did not return to the Koeru ducal house. Instead he formed a new house. One which held the same name as the royal family: [Verusenian].

Together with his new wife... along with the still young [Princess].

\* \* \*

Two months from that incident, I finally became four years old.

Four years in this body... after all this time, my current life is comfortable. My demonic thoughts are back to some extent, but strangely my human part, my [Human Heart] is stronger.

On my birthday, I got lots of presents from everyone. Rick had a luxurious birthday, but my party just had my whole family: that style made me happier.

Shelly also came from the Royal Capital. The flower and herb seed set she gave made me happy. She had a matching set, too.

Rick also stopped by, for some reason.

Staring at my face, stroking my hair "...crap..." I say on my way back... Something in that child feels similar to [That Man].

Furthermore, from him I got a necklace with a blue stone. And, most likely... Bonbons.

From Father, I got a single-horse carriage like a lily flower, and a very nice tea set.

But... it was sent.

Father didn't come.

...\*Gusun\*.

After that, half a year has passed, it's now spring.

I've been exchanging letters with Shelly, but suddenly a letter from Rick comes. This guy just does whatever... perhaps, does he think we are friends?

Anyways... in all that time, Father didn't come home.

I wonder if his job is keeping him busy. Did he get sick of my relying on him so much...?

As I thought that, Mother invited me and everyone to go see Father at the Royal Capital. Yay!

\* \* \*

I'm at the royal castle.

".....Eeh?"

Royal castle... The castle where His Majesty the King lives.

Yup, something's off, I thought. Coming into the Royal Capital from our house, we rode in a large six-horse-drawn carriage, rather than the single horse drawn carriage we always use. Including our escorting knights, there were around 20 people.

The old butler was also there.

For some reason he seemed extremely happy. I had tried to find out his name, but all he ever wanted to be called was [Grandpa]. Grandpa's name... eh, whatever. I'll find out eventually.

The Knight-sans who saw me looked nervous. Yup, my appearance is scary.

I won't eat you, don't be scared, alright?

Thinking about that time... I wonder if those children are doing ok.

And then...

Finally, I'm able to meet Father.

He's as handsome as ever. Making a patter patter while running, I went to him, "So High, Sca~ry", I said as he swung me round and round, He then hugged me suuuuper tight.

Father must have been as lonely as me. Thank goodness.

Right after we met up, Father and Mother and I went out into town. I was looking forward to sightseeing in the Royal Capital with them... hmm? A clothing

store?

We entered a huge, ultra-luxury clothing store. Waiting for us were about ten assistants, who took us away. They already had a dress perfectly tailored for me somehow; it looked like a dress a luxurious princess would wear. Moreover, a large amount of money was given as if it were nothing much...

Still stunned by the extravagance, when I came out of the store, there were a dozen female knights that weren't there before...? They were assigned to defend the carriage until we arrived at the castle.

Why are they here?

The castle had an atmosphere like a cathedral; all of the windows were stained glass. The entrance hall alone had me open-mouthed, speechless.

Look at that height, a two-story house would easily fit below this ceiling, 'how do they clean it' was the only thought that entered my head.

While Father hugged me, he talked about how the stained glass on the right side tells the story of the Holy Kingdom's founding, the left side is of the achievements of the royal family.

My apologies, Father. I'm not paying attention.

"We're going to the garden, Yurushia, is there anywhere you want to see in the castle?"

"U-Uhm..."

Before that, tell me what's in the castle, am I stupid for not knowing?

Turning his head to smile at me, Father said to pick something that caught my eye while he walked with mother.

Nothing has caught my eye... isn't the problem.

But as a four-year-old, saying "I want to go to the torture room" with an innocent smile...can't happen.



Anyways, the castle garden... is it generally open to tourists for no reason?

Being called to the castle, wearing this doll-like dress, are we meet with powerful people? I wonder...

Does he have an audience with the king?

The garden was inside of a large wall, on the other side of a big gate.

"This..."

"Did you notice?"

Yes, I noticed. This large garden was the one we were in for the tea party... Huh? Did you use a part of the castle for a tea party?

Maybe one of those brats was a big deal...?

I thought we were at Rick-chan's house.

In a white roofed gazebo, at a large table, I noticed Eleanor-sama waving to us.

Among the others... Rick and an older boy, an old guy I don't know, and a couple in their mid-fifties.

All of whom look at Father then at Mother... I quiiiietly peek.

Father kneels down in front of the old guy... how rare.

"Father... I have brought Riasteia and Yurushia."

...Father? He's, my Grandfather? .....Eeh?

"I see... this is the child."

"...Grandpa?"

When I muttered that, Grandfather put on a big smile and lifted me up with strong arms.

“Yes, that is so. *We* are your grandfather. Hahaha”

Laughter spreads, the beautiful old lady, (my Grandmother?), also earnestly stroked my cheek and hair while smiling widely.

... These people are amazing, aren't they. They aren't scared of me.

“Now that everyone's here, let's go.”

Grandfather quickly walks the way we came while still hugging me. I understand... you're the new hug person.

...Wait, where are we going?

Father and Eleanor-sama followed, after which a huge number of respectably dressed people and knights marched along the majestic corridor beside us.

The knights and butlers open a luxurious door...

“...Fua?”

In that huge hall, thousands of people... more castle servants, nobles, and knights, aligned side by side, greeted us.

“Thank you for waiting, *We* introduce this child to you. She is Folt's child, the Duke of Verusenias daughter, and my grandchild. Her name is...”

Yurushia of Verusenias. For the first time, I know my full name.

While I internalize it, I'm stunned; all of the eyes of the place were looking at me.

“This child... is your [Princess]!”

.....Eeh?

At that moment a murmur rises, followed by a cheer, followed by a roar from the knights.

EEHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!??

\* \* \*

I am the granddaughter of His Majesty, holding the same family name as the royal family, a duke's daughter: Yurushia of Verusenian.

They didn't tell me the little details during the talk, since I'm a child.

My standing is that of a Duke's third daughter from a second wife... it seems.

Mother was his secret lover, which was why he didn't stay too much, but the first wife is now no longer a problem... wait a second.

Grandfather said [Princess], shouldn't it be different because I'm a duke's daughter? Is it... because there's still only one boy in the royal family, they must have accepted it as natural.

Really, this world is haphazard... Even if calling it that is a little strong, I shouldn't let myself be taken off-guard about the common sense of this world. Live Humbly.

Those knights, they seem to have been longing for the presence of a [Princess] to protect and be devoted to... a man's romance, huh.

But... hmm?

Don't I have two older sisters...?

“Eh, whatever...”

Are you joking? Since I am... well, I'm a demon.

We left that mansion which we lived in for so long, together with Mother and the maids, to the Tule territory's main ducal residence.

The mansion was many times larger than the other one; my room was much bigger as well. I begin to think while staring at the calm late night streets from the window.

I'm a demon.

My [Human Heart] is still there, in my mind, making ripples of anxiety.

But someday, I might trouble Father and Mother.

Aside from those two, it really doesn't matter... or so I thought, but over the course of living as a human, the number of people you care about grows little by little.

I will live as a [Human].

I will be a valuable [Human Being] and will have their love.

I will live as a [Demon]

The precious... and foolish humans, when they're struggling in their sorrow, I'll love them back.

[Demon Me] is hungry for love.

As a [Human]... I will save the people for their love. As a [Demon], I will devour their tasty souls.

From what I can tell through the window, even during this silent night, people are indeed still alive. I can hear it... their breathing.

Being afraid of things like the dark, those lovable feelings...

You all should instead... devote your [Love] to me.

“...I the [Demonic Princess] will lovingly take your souls...”

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